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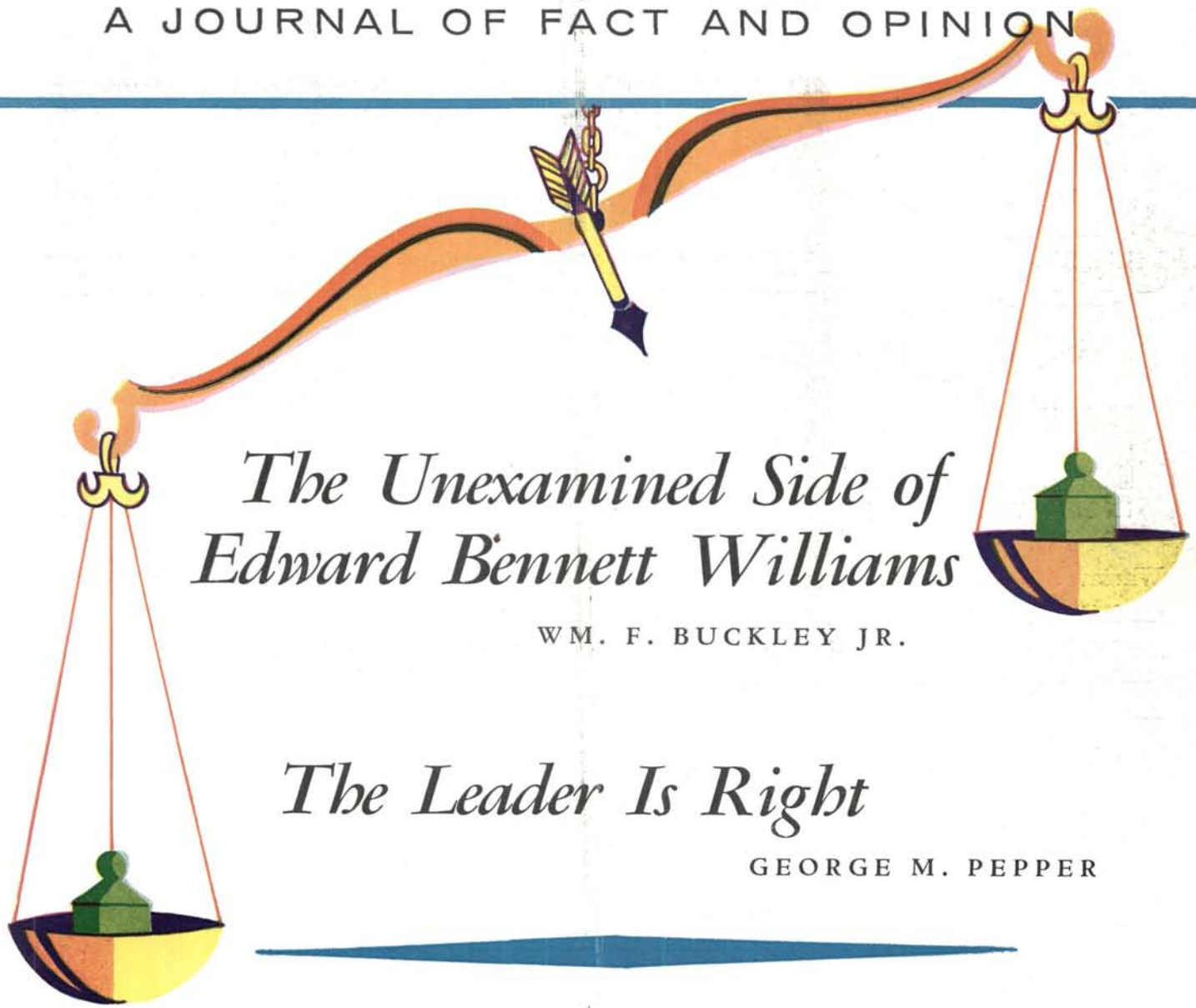
A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION



The Unexamined Side of Edward Bennett Williams

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Leader Is Right

GEORGE M. PEPPER

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . FRANK S. MEYER
JAMES BURNHAM · COLIN CLARK · ARLENE CROCE
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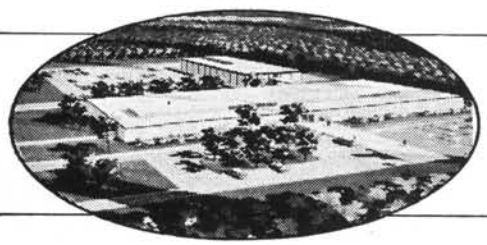

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ we devote a good bit of space to America's new legal folkhero, Edward Bennett Williams, and to his best-selling book, *One Man's Freedom.* The book is doubly interesting to readers of NATIONAL REVIEW. One of its chapters (one of those serialized by the *Saturday Evening Post*) vigorously assaults NATIONAL REVIEW and the author of our rejoinder, **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.**, as being *jointly responsible during 1957* for harassing poor old defenseless Adam Clayton Powell Jr. to the point of having got him indicted for deadbeating on his income tax. Here and there around the country, innocent readers have been taken in by Mr. Williams' tricky rendition of the Powell case. The reviewer for *America* magazine, the proto-sanctimonious weekly of a little set of ideological schismatics within the Jesuit order, was so delighted at the opportunity to think evil of NATIONAL REVIEW as to write ecstatically, "Of more than passing significance is the revelation [in Williams' book] of what would appear to be some incredibly irresponsible activities on the part of William Buckley [and NATIONAL REVIEW] in connection with the indictment of Adam Clayton Powell Jr." Since one cannot, of course, hope to get a hearing from dedicated lynchers, we do not expect justice from the Ku-Klux clerics over at *America;* but we are concerned for our fair name, having a decent respect for the opinions of mankind, and so review Mr. Williams' theses carefully, and nail them up, quite naked, against the truth. . . . But Williams goes beyond the mere attempt to launder Adam Powell. He proposes, in Mr. Buckley's words, to "shore up the position of what one might call the defendant class" beyond the point of prudence so that now we need to worry not only about Williams the Mouthpiece, but Williams the Reformer. . . . **George Pepper,** who wrote recently "Aux Armes Camarades," writes again from Paris to describe a society advancing from despotism toward totalitarianism.

➔ Professor **Colin Clark** of Oxford reviews a new book by Professor Warren Nutter laying the superstition of Soviet economic growth. . . . Professor **Robert Drake** of the University of Texas wrote a review of Faulkner's last novel shortly before he died, and finds it a glorious failure. . . . Professor **Andrew Hacker** of Cornell thinks idealistic young scholars ought to have a more realistic idea of what lies between them and professorships at the U colleges. Mr. Hacker is the scholarly and delightfully combative son of Professor Louis Hacker, former Dean at Columbia U. . . . **Arlene Croce** reviews *West Side Story* (* * ½). Miss Croce, we are pleased to report, has joined the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW to work in the Production Department, and help carry the onerous burden put down by the valiant and beloved Mrs. Mabel Wood, who is leaving us but will continue to help out in times of extreme crisis as a consultant. Miss Croce was formerly editorial assistant at *worldview,* one of the cumulus-humilis of the multiple Carnegie enterprises. ➔

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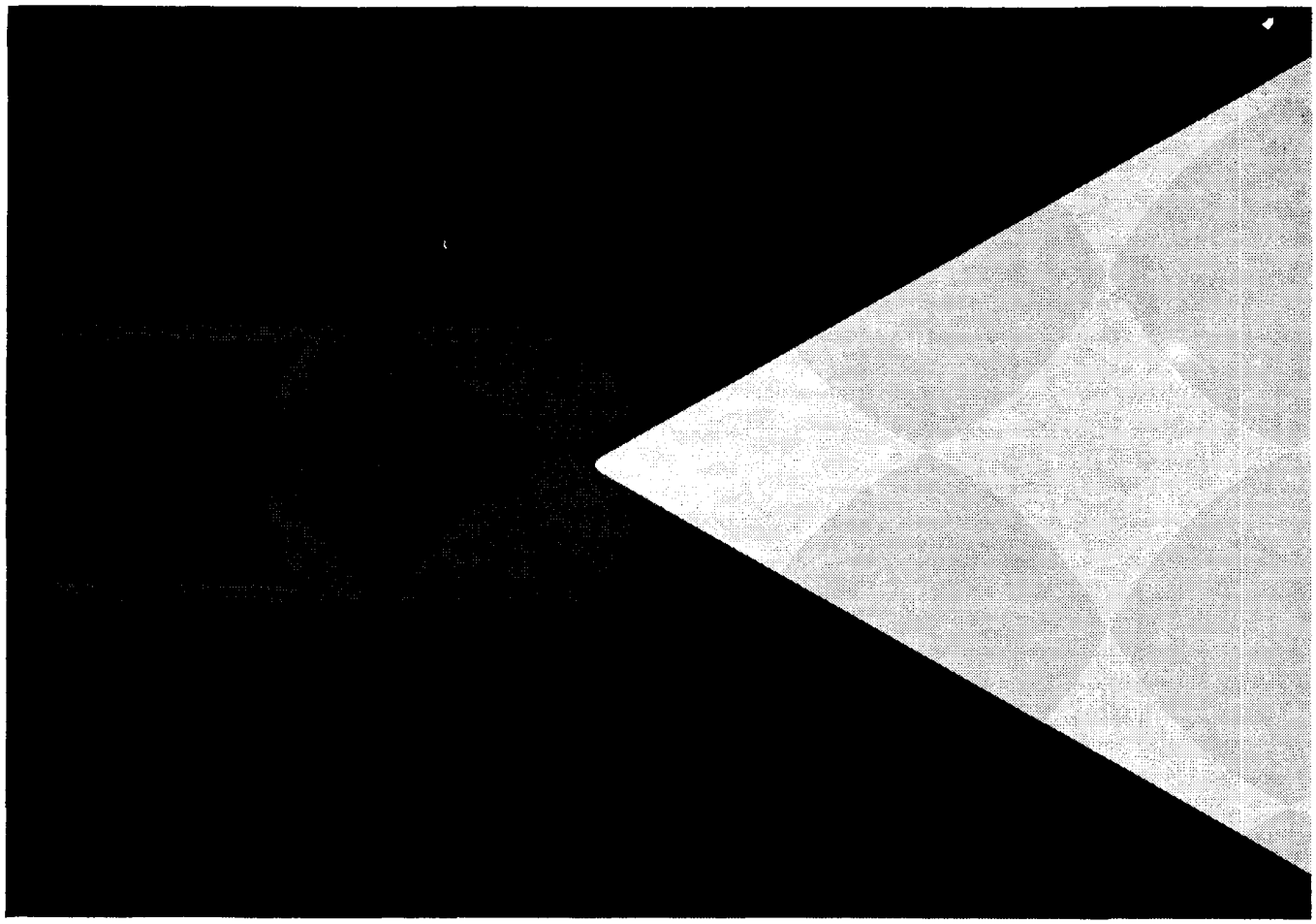
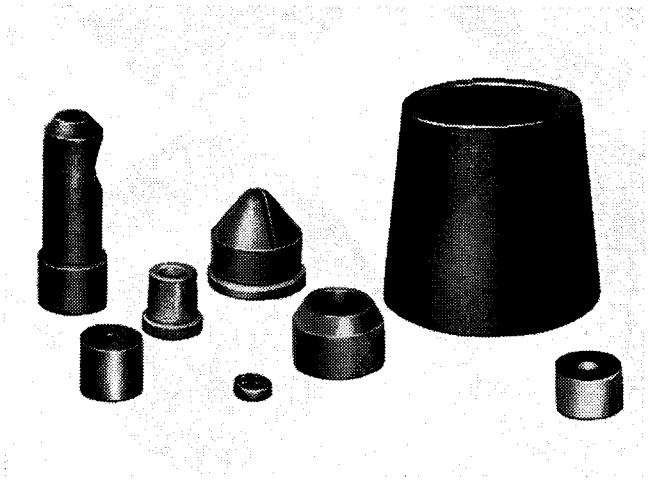


What wears out in your plant?



123 TO 1 WEAR RATIO EFFECTS LARGE PRODUCTION SAVINGS. Kennametal abrasion-resistant carbide nozzles, used in spraying a water base titanium oxide paint, average 736 hours before being replaced . . . compared with six hour replacements previously required with case-hardened steel nozzles. (Photo shows nozzles for various applications.)

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The WEEK

● A recent front-page splash in the *Main Line Times* (Ardmore, Pa.) disclosed that a Women Strike for Peace *Panzergruppe,* which rolled into town aboard a mobile bomb shelter to solicit ban-the-bomb signatures, was subjected to provocations by a handful of picketing YAFsymp juvenile delinquents, and had to cancel its last day of soliciting. Curiously, the story consisted mainly of a list of grievances recited by a WSP leader, supplemented by a glowing history of the WSP. Thereupon a number of witnessing citizens informed the *Main Line Times*—which pleaded innocent in intention—that the behavior of the young pickets was quite impeccable, that it was rather the *Panzergruppers,* obviously upset about their failure to collect any signatures, who acted offensively. And so peace returned to Ardmore, Pa.

● On July 11 the House of Representatives voted against lending any funds to the UN for so long as other nations are in default on their regular assessments. The House has also voted to halt all gifts to nations that have expropriated American property without proper compensation. A similar amendment has already passed the Senate, which has also voted to restrain the President from any gifts (except surplus food) to Communist-dominated countries. Breasting the plaintive oratory of Adlai Stevenson, and the Administration, the Congress seems clearly bent on constructing a foreign policy in which the UN will have much less than the dominant voice; and this new trend may be accelerated by the World Court, which is expected to hand down any day now its opinion on the prickly question whether UN members are required to pay their share of UN expenses in such special operations as it has launched in the Gaza Strip and the Congo. If the Court says they must pay, what reason is there to believe they will now honor this obligation when they are already behind in their regular payments? The weakness and destitution of the UN must be made blatantly obvious, and as the UN glides downhill there will be reason to hope that American foreign policy will begin to express the cause and the conscience of the American people.

● Mr. Nixon should not set out to purge people who are unpurgeable. Journalists can do that kind of thing, but not politicians. When Mr. Nixon set out last winter to oust every man-jack Bircher from the Republican Party in California, he fell flat on his face. Now he has done it again, having vainly attempted to unseat Mr. J. A. Leetham, chairman of the Los Angeles County Central Committee, whose crime was neutrality during the primary fight between Nixon and Shell. Mr. Nixon must realize that much of the respect he has from Republicans is for his skills as a politician (as distinguished from, say, the constancy of his ideological affections), and that it is disillusioning to see him get beaten at the game at which he is supposed to be expert.

● President Kennedy last week officially established observance of Captive Nations Week, the guiding inspiration of which has always been, hitherto, the hope of eventual liberation for all peoples now enslaved by Communist tyranny. But to what end is the sanction of an Administration which only a week before had declared its unremitting opposition to any hope of liberating Red China; an Administration which gave a new phrase to the language: "No-win"? Who knows?—this is Rhetorical Question Week.

● In the week that ended July 12 two countries, France and Switzerland, presented the United States with $431 million of claims on gold, taking $138 million in gold and using the remaining $293 million to repay loans that run to 1987. Thus ended a stretch of seven weeks in which the U.S. gold reserves remained unchanged, doubtless in accordance with informal international agreements. It was also seven weeks, to the day, since the stock market crash of May 28, and both the timing and the quantity of the foreign claims presented suggest that they arose, in large part, from recent liquidation of American securities by foreign investors. If the normal ratio of gold to dollars still obtains in foreign central banks, it would appear that foreign accounts have sold about one-eighth of their total American investments. This means, finally, that if the outlook for American business does not improve within a modest period, foreign investors may be impelled to sell another slice of their U.S. stock. All of which means that we're not out of the woods; and that there are bears in them thar hills.

● In a statement issued last week, Dr. Max Yergan, Chairman of the American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters, declared: "During the past month there have been ominous signs that the UN may be planning a renewal of its warfare against the government and people of Katanga. UN Acting Secretary General U Thant has openly threatened further military action if President Tshombe continues his refusal to submit unconditionally to Cyrille Adoula's terms. Two members of Adoula's cabinet have recently visited UN headquarters in New York, and the State Department, to press for military action. In Katanga itself, heavily armed UN units

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control the airfields and railway lines. UN squads continually patrol Elisabethville's streets, and UN military roadblocks are now established astride all roads into the city. When thousands of Katangan women protested this aggressive interference with their freedom of movement, UN soldiers replied with clubs, bayonets and gunfire, resulting in deaths and wounds for several of the women and their children. Adoula, with UN backing, has declared northern Katanga, where his (and UN) troops control certain cities, a separate administrative province of the central government. Many observers fear that the UN command waits only for approval of the UN bond issue by the U.S. Congress before extending these preliminary military operations into a full-scale campaign to crush the Tshombe regime. The American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters calls on our fellow-citizens to be on the alert to block another attempt, under UN banners, to destroy the rights and liberties of the Katangan people."

● Conspiracy, anyone? 1) A movie called *Communism on the Map* makes a few crude oversimplifications. 2) Said movie was produced by the National Education Program. 3) Said Program is backed by Harding College. 3) Said College has received contributions from General Electric. 4) Said General Electric subscribes to the American Security Council. 5) Said Council has a national strategy committee. 6) Said Committee has as one of its members, Dr. Stefan Possony. 7) Dr. Possony has also been a member of the Foreign Policy Research Institute. *Therefore,* the Institute is disreputable, warmongering, fascistic, and a national menace. Do you recognize the reasoning? It is, of course, that of Fred J. Cook, the *Nation* writer whose prodigious ingenuity has vouchsafed us an explanation of how it was really Whittaker Chambers and the FBI who forged a typewriter with which to frame Alger Hiss. Sometimes his imagination gets the better of him, as when he calmly made a series of statements over a television program, was asked about them the next day by a DA, had to admit he was making them up out of the whole cloth, got fired by the *World Telegram* for lying. "In 1959," says the *Nation,* introducing Mr. Cook's piece on "The Ultras" which occupies the entire current issue, "he resigned from the *World Telegram* to devote himself exclusively to writing." Well, that is another way of putting it. And "writing" is another way of putting what Cook appears to have become a specialist in: the encyclopaedic assault on anyone and anything (yea, even the scholarly and respectable Foreign Policy Research Institute) that gets in the way of Communist foreign policy. His apparent ambition, and *Nation* readers must prepare for bigger and fatter issues, is to live long enough to smear everyone. He is off to a Stakhanovite start.

● New York's Conservative Party has added a gubernatorial candidate to its slate: Mr. David H. Jaquith of Syracuse. Mr. Jaquith is 44, a lifelong resident of Syracuse, married, and father of three children. He is also: president of Vega Industries (steel fabrication); one of seven Commissioners of Education in Syracuse (an elective post); chairman of the Manufacturers Association of Syracuse (which pioneered the "practical politics program" later picked up by the NAM and the Chamber of Commerce); a founding director of the Republican Citizens Committee of Syracuse; and Vice President of the Board of Trustees of the Central New York Conference of the Methodist Church. On top of all this, he has been commuting to New York City once a week to continue his work toward a doctorate in business administration. This talented and vocal conservative adds luster to a Party which is growing by leaps and bounds: at last count there were 90 Conservative Clubs in the state, and new ones are being chartered at the rate of ten or more per week. The Party's first downstate rally will be held July 26 at the Garden City Hotel.

● Where's Bowles?

Notes and Asides

A telegram delivered to the Long John Nebel (talkathon) program the other night: "THERE SEEMS TO BE A NEW COMMERCIAL GIMMICK IN AMERICA TODAY, THE WILLIAM A. RUSHER DOLL, YOU WIND IT UP AND IT SAVES THE COUNTRY. SHELDON WINTERS."

NOTE FROM AN EDITOR WHOSE EDITORIAL IS OVERDUE:
t½his isf myyyyyy first attenldgj
at a lectric typewrrrriter* not bad, eh?
mpre coming anonon

The Economy

Much talk, and the possibility of action, on a cut in income tax rates. Federal Reserve Board may raise interest rates if taxes are cut, to discourage monetization of debt (by making government bonds more attractive to those with freshly saved funds). New residential construction declining, vacancy rates awkwardly high, mortgage defaults rising. Stock prices starting down after partial recovery of spring losses. Possibility of rail strike. Paperboard production down. Steel mills shutting down until inventories are worked off. Steel imports at highest level since 1960. Steel prices dropping, copper prices weakening. Personal income edging up sluggishly, GNP far be-

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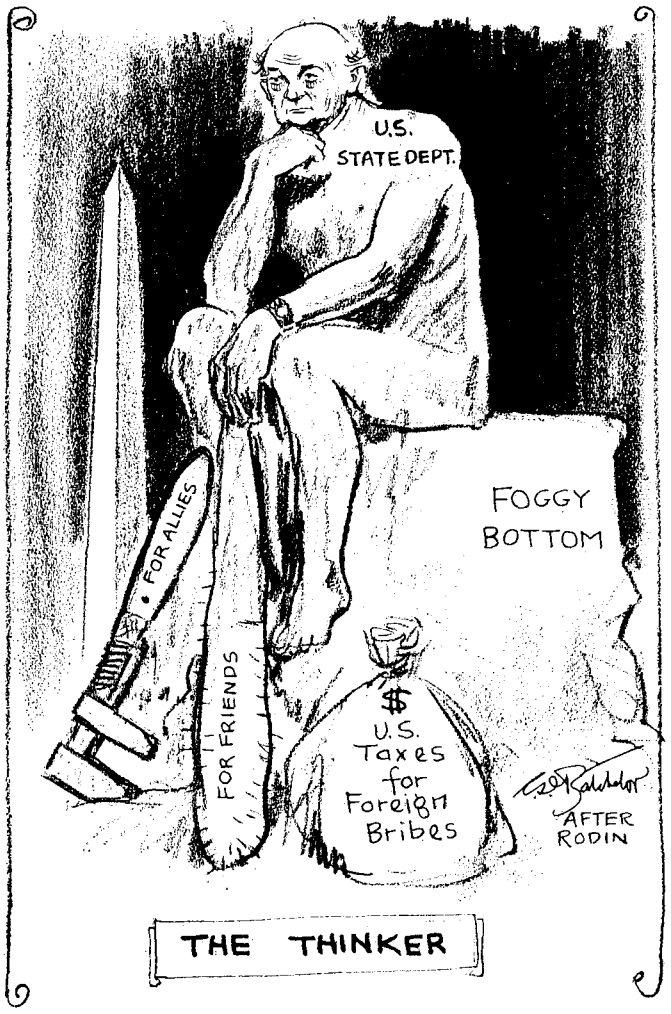

low estimates. More lenient depreciation schedules allowed on business equipment and facilities. Senate Finance Committee votes "prudent man" rule on expense account allowances. Gold outflow much higher than last year. Tax withholding on dividend and interest payments voted down. Ratio of bank loans to bank deposits near all-time high, signaling danger. Administration proposal of greatly increased taxation on earnings of foreign subsidiaries softened considerably in Congress. Federal deficit in current fiscal year rising toward $10 billion.

There's enough good and enough bad in these recent news items to confirm bull and bear alike, but the assessments usually offered by "expert observers" boil down to this: a little more of the same, unless things change. But let's be bold, and take note of certain things whose absence must always tend toward an inauspicious economic forecast. 1) A stable or declining federal debt. 2) A balanced federal budget. 3) A stable or rising gold reserve. 4) A steadily rising production of physical goods and services. 5) A government that encourages entrepreneurial ebullience. 6) A tax policy that provides financial incentives for extraordinary effort. 7) A fluid market in the factors of production: the absence of monopoly or legislated rigidity in management policy, wage rates, labor organizations, land values, and so on.

A glance at that list, which includes only the more important items, should show how far we are from the fundamental conditions of lasting economic health. When so many of the basic necessities are lacking, a minor adjustment in depreciation or executive expense allowances can have only a tangential effect. Deep tax cuts, especially in middle and upper brackets, are the simplest and most salubrious treatment for our ills, but they are not imminent. For a period of time the U.S. economy is, as it were, on parole: it may go free if it mends its ways, but if no basic changes come along after a certain period, then the time of troubles will surely arrive. For an economy does not stagnate forever. It goes either up or down. In the interest of national survival it is time the government stopped plowing under the U. S. economy and allowed it to sprout as luxuriantly as it may in the fertile demesnes of an ingenious and energetic people.

Thou Shalt Not Pray

No man will accuse James A. Pike, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of California, of neglecting the Bill of Rights. Few public figures have given a wider interpretation to the clauses of First Amendment and Fifth, whether applied to saint or sinner. Never that we can recall has Bishop Pike caviled at a Supreme Court ruling in the name of freedom of belief, speech, assembly or the unlimited rights of non-self-incrimination. But the Court's decision outlawing school prayers, though flaunting the First Amendment as its juridical base, was too much. In a carefully reasoned speech delivered July 13, Bishop Pike joined the millions of his countrymen who believe that by its ruling the Court has stood the First Amendment on its head, and, in the name of religious liberty, made a brutal attack against religious liberty.

The Supreme Court, declared Bishop Pike, who was himself once a lawyer and member of the Supreme Court bar, "has interpreted the First Amendment to mean something it was never intended to mean. . . . With us, separation of church and state was never intended to mean separation of religion from society." He explained how the actual effect of the decision was to establish a state religion—"the religion of secularism . . ., taken on faith, which includes men and things but not God; time and history, but not eternity." He summarized in a startling phrase: "The Supreme Court has just deconsecrated the nation."

Even so—if the logical consequences of the decision are drawn out to their barren end. For if we may not invoke the name of God, or pray in our schools because these get support from government,

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by what right do we do so in any other edifice or institution which is in any way dependent on governmental finance or favor? Obviously, "one nation under God" must be stricken from the Pledge of Allegiance that our school children recite. The suits are already in the courts to ban all readings from the Bible. Surely Congress is in violation of the Charter by voting public monies to pay its chaplains, by charging them to ask God's blessing in the tax-constructed, tax-maintained Capitol. Who will be the first to bring suit to stop the illegal payment of salaries to our military chaplains, to erase "In God we trust" from our coins, to remove the Bible and God's name from our ceremonies of taking public office? In our day, we should not forget, the sphere of government overlaps nearly everything. Can a father direct his children to say prayers in a tax-subsidized apartment or a house with an FHA mortgage? And what of the churches themselves?—as tax-exempt, they too are government-supported. Fantastic as these last questions seem, and doubtless are, even they are involved in the ultimate logic of a totally secular state: and Russia can teach us that this ultimate logic is not mere speculation. If God and prayer are banished from society, to become "a purely private matter," then, in reality, religion is driven underground; the only religion left is the religion of the catacombs.

The Supreme Court's decision gives the United States a singular first: *ours has become the only nation outside the Iron Curtain where it is unlawful to pray in the public schools.*

The Committee for Religious Liberty, which will press for enactment of a constitutional amendment to void the anti-prayer ruling, is taking form. It will, we trust, soon begin a public action that will call the Court to order.

"Wisdom of the West"—Bertrand Russell

JFK's Trade Bill

The House, by a vote of 298 to 125, has passed a bill that would give to the Executive almost all the tariff powers and "readjustment" clauses Mr. Kennedy asked for. The bill has traveled to the Senate Finance Committee, where its undesirable features will enjoy one last chance of correction.

Item. The bill gives the Executive unnecessarily extensive and unnecessarily autonomous power. As to tariff negotiation, the House bill amounts to an abdication of the constitutional authority given to the Congress to review and ratify treaties made by the Executive. It would give the President a free hand for five years. Why does Congress want to give up its right of review? What exactly will the President do with his new powers? What could he do with these powers that he couldn't do under the established system with congressional approval? Is Congress authorizing the Executive to do something that Congress itself would not approve of? No one knows the answers. The Senate Finance Committee should ask the questions and get the answers.

Item. The bill would give the Executive exceedingly broad (and expensive) powers to make direct federal payments to industries, companies and workers "affected" by tariff cuts. How can the "effect" of cuts be measured? If the burden of such payments falls in taxes on the industries that have not been affected, then won't they become *less* capable of competing in a free world trade system? If the effect of tariff cuts cannot be foreseen now, is it prudent that Congress give up its right of review? What guarantee is there that direct federal payments may not be turned to the mere political advantage of the Executive? The Senate Finance Committee should ask these questions, too, and not rest until it has the answers.

The basic political concern here is this: to preserve the balance of powers in the Federal Government. Traditionally the Republican Party has devoted itself to maintaining the checks and balances. The Trade bill provides a classic case for the exercise of political sagacity, and a loyal opposition might have done noble work. Instead, the House Republican organization refused even to take a stand for or against the bill. Will the Senate take its responsibilities more seriously?

Ninth Circle

On May 26 the Soviet short-wave radio, as part of its world-wide campaign against American nuclear tests, beamed to North America a statement by Aleksandr Karev, identified as Secretary General of the Union of Evangelical Christians and Baptists of the USSR:

"Dear brothers and sisters, dear Christians of the

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United States. . . . I should like to address myself to Christians throughout the world . . . and express a few thoughts which are troubling all mankind. These are, first of all, nuclear weapons tests which today are shaking our earth and the atmosphere in the vicinity of Christmas island. . . . How sad it is that that island, which bears the name so dear to all Christians—the name which directs the gaze of every Christian to Bethlehem where our Teacher and Savior, Jesus Christ, was born—is today obscured by clouds of poisonous gases from atomic bombs. . . . What a noble thing it would be if the United States government . . . were, in the name of Christ born unto the world, to sign with the USSR, Britain and France an agreement on ending nuclear tests for all time. I appeal to all Christians in the United States and other countries to join together in the prayer for the early conclusion of such a sacred agreement."

Let this blasphemous fraud renew our sense, which tends to become dulled from daily experience, of the utter cynicism and moral depravity of Communism. A police-state ruled by an avowedly atheist regime orders to be broadcast over the official radio operated by its propaganda service: an appeal in the name of *Christ* against *American* nuclear tests! Not a word about Soviet tests. Not a word about what has happened to Christianity and Christians in the Soviet Union. For his soul's sake we hope that Comrade Karev, with all his title, is only an MGB agent doing his duty as he sees it, and *not* a Christian.

The Mad Attempt to Get Schwarz

A striking aspect of the campaign against Dr. Fred Schwarz is its sheer, overawing stupidity. Take, for instance, the word of one Waxman, Al S., editor and publisher of the *Los Angeles Reporter*, "A Weekly Newspaper of Community Service." Schwarz, says Waxman, is anti-Semitic. And every time he says he's not, why, that all the more goes to show that he is. For instance, says Waxman, Schwarz has written in his newsletter to his supporters that in New York he has found a great deal of opposition. "To indicate [as Schwarz did]," the editorial informs us, "that people [in New York] feared to stand up as 'an unashamed Christian' and then to attack the [Jewish] Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith and its officers makes the letter sound more to us like a crusade for anti-Semitism than a crusade for anti-Communism!"

Choice? Waxman's got a million of them. "In the same letter, [Schwarz] lauds . . . NATIONAL REVIEW, for supporting him 'with courage and eloquence.'

For the Record

Worker laments defeat of Democratic Rep.-at-Large Frank Kowalski (he lost Conn. senatorial nomination to Abraham Ribicoff) as "first defeat of a peace candidate." Kowalski had been prominent in admit-Red-China-to-UN and peace-disarmament drives. . . . Embarrassment of riches: In Washington, two GOP conservatives, Ben Larson and Richard Christenson, scrapping for opportunity to oppose Liberal Dem. Sen. Magnuson in November; in Utah, Sen. Wallace F. Bennett (former NAM President) faces unexpected renomination battle against conservative J. Bracken Lee, who filed at last minute. . . . Reported that playwright Gore Vidal and Eleanor Roosevelt have been huddling over possibility that Vidal might run for Senate in New York against Jacob Javits (Best Man—with same ending?). . . . Lots of steam building up in Arkansas behind Dr. Kenneth Jones, a right-wing Republican who is opposing Sen. William Fulbright. . . . On Capitol Hill, word being dropped that all-out endorsement by ex-President Eisenhower of Bruce Chapman and his Liberal Republican Advance was, er, what he meant was, well now, sort of, er, a mistake.

Anti-Castro underground going into kidnapping business: specializing on picking up Soviet or satellite experts, holding them for exchange for political prisoners. . . . Castro troops are guarding most Latin American embassies, to prevent political refugees from taking sanctuary. . . . New Encyclopedia Africana in works. It will be sponsored by Ghana Academy of Sciences under the direction of W. E. B. DuBois, long-time American Communist party-liner, who publicly joined the Party last year. (Can't wait to read under "Cuisine.") . . . For first time in memory, there were no Foreign Legion troops marching in the July 14th Bastille Day parade down the Champs Elysées. . . . A Lisbon paper O Debate reports talk in Portugal of forming an international military corps, based on the foreign legion idea, to fight Communism—or if need be the UN—in Asia or Africa.

The Wall Street Journal spotted it: a White House transcript which has JFK quoting that noted Frenchman and good friend of the United States—André Melrose.

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Here he chooses to overlook the fact that his right-wing extremist supporter Buckley has admitted publicly that he has several 'former Communists' on his newspaper staff. *As we remember our history of the past quarter-century* [the italics are Al's], *it was clearly established that Communists and Fascists lean towards and practice anti-Semitism.*"

All right, granted: whoever wrote that belongs in a gigglehouse. And for all we know, the *Los Angeles Reporter is* a weekly newspaper of community service to Los Angeles nuts. But seriously, why don't *other* people criticize such ranting? Such as the Anti-Defamation League?

The Anti-Defamation League! Hah! *Its* current bulletin is a polished version of the same sick kind of thing, embellished by excerpts from a neurotic speech by Father Albert Nevins, President of the Catholic Press Association—a speech, delivered several weeks ago, which grievously embarrassed members of Father Nevins' own order, against whom Father Nevins defended himself by writing everybody in sight to say the speech had been given off the record and that he was dismayed that it got publicity in the *Herald Tribune*. Whereupon he presumably turned it over to the Anti-Defamation League for publication. The body of the issue is devoted to an attack on Schwarz in the form of a report by a Mr. Morton Poner on a speech Schwarz gave in New Jersey. Excerpt:

"[Schwarz] avoids explicit attack on democratic institutions such as, say, the Supreme Court. But again, lecturers at his Schools of Anti-Communism are not as finicky; lawyer Fred Schlafly, speaking at the Greater Phoenix School, said that the Supreme Court, under Chief Justice Earl Warren, has made many decisions that have 'weakened American security.' "

Well, you couldn't ask for better proof that Mr. Schlafly *and* Dr. Schwarz are anti-democratic extremists, now, could you? (And historians please note: this is surely the first time the Supreme Court —a body appointed from above, whose specialty is vetoing measures passed by democratically elected legislatures!—has been called a "democratic institution," even by its most fanatic admirers.)

The Schwarz story is illustrated by a photograph captioned: *"Dr. Schwarz's wife poses beside pool of their 16-room house in Sydney, Australia."* And if you don't get the implication of that, you are a jerk. In the unlikely event someone reading this editorial is a jerk, the ADL's meaning is: "Don't believe that Schwarz is a true crusader; he is an ideological profiteer. How else would he get the money to pay for a pool and sixteen rooms?" (Possible answer: by practicing medicine for twenty years.) Would the ADL be prepared to publish a picture of Mrs. Arnold Forster in the next issue of their bulletin, standing in front of the home of our foremost crusader for racial understanding?

The Anti-Defamation League *et al.* have edged their way into the fever swamps of the hysterical Left. They are losing their honor and their sense of ethical discrimination. There is little left there, in all that cant and hatred and intellectual disorder, that can command the respect of decent and discerning men.

William Faulkner, RIP

William Faulkner, like Ernest Hemingway, Scott Fitzgerald and John Dos Passos, belonged to the great generation of American novelists that began writing in the decade following the First World War. Faulkner was a difficult man, and very often a difficult writer. This double difficultness was, perhaps, a necessary armor against the soul-crushing assaults of the age of the masses. It did not prevent him, in the end, from a remarkably wide communication on his own terms: to those who have wrestled with the denser paragraphs of his figured prose, it is astonishing to learn that more than ten million copies of his books have been sold in this country alone, and millions more abroad. Having early found in Maurice Coindreau a man able to achieve the near-miracle of their translation into French, Faulkner's became the most widely read and profoundly influential twentieth-century American novels for France and, through France, for Europe.

But sales in the millions, Hollywood contracts and all the famous prizes never tempted Faulkner out of the Resistance; like Yeats, he was bound "neither to cause nor to state." He was no man's and no party's fellow traveler. Though idolized and fawned on by the Liberal Establishment, he avoided its habits, its platitudes, and its ritual gatherings. (Two months ago Faulkner alone among Nobel Prize-winners declined the invitation to the White House. Asked at Charlottesville, where he was staying, why, he answered, "That's a long way to go for dinner.")

He stayed close to his home, deep in Mississippi, and he created out of its materials his own world of myth and art: Yoknapatawpha County, as he called it in the books of his maturity. This was the real world too, of course, unlike the surface worlds of the passing problem-and-thesis novels, which washed out to sea with every new publishing season. Faulkner wrote for the ages; he knew, as he tried to tell the young when he received the Nobel Prize, that the work of the true artist is to create from "the agony and sweat of the human spirit something which did not exist before. . . ." Yoknapatawpha did not exist before, but every literary map of the future will show just where it is.

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From Washington Straight

CATO

On July 13, the *Washington Post* carried a headline which jerked a number of congressmen back to reality. The headline, "President Voted Power to Aid Reds," cut through the maze of sophisticated argument that had surrounded the final debate on the Foreign Aid Authorization Bill the previous day.

Cato

The most controversial item in the bill was the so-called "Casey Amendment," which prohibited any aid to eighteen specifically-named Communist nations, among them Poland and Yugoslavia. A similar amendment had been successfully tied to the Senate version of the bill and early prospects were that it would quickly find its way into the House bill as well.

The White House decided to make a fight to delete the measure from the House bill. But it had this problem. If JFK took out after the proponents of the Casey Amendment he would leave himself wide open to the charge of being "soft on Communism." And the Democrats have learned the hard way that this charge can be deadly at the polls. The White House proposed that the Casey Amendment be changed to permit the President to extend aid to any Communist nation if he could assure the Congress that such aid was in the interest of national security.

And it got two of the best known anti-Communists on the Hill to fall into line. Rep. Francis Walter (D., Pa.), Chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and Rep. Walter Judd (R., Minn.), ranking GOP member on the House Foreign Affairs Committee, both announced their support of the revision. Walter's support gave any number of Democrats an excellent excuse to vote for the softening amendment (it became known as the Morgan Amendment). But it was Walter Judd's support which really nailed things down. For Judd enjoys a towering reputation as a foreign relations expert among his fellow Republicans and many Republicans fell into line simply because Walter Judd was for it.

The Judd argument, echoed by a number of other topnotch Republicans, was based upon the appeal of bipartisanship in foreign policy. President Eisenhower, they said, had never had his hands tied by the Congress in respect to aid to Poland and Yugoslavia and it would be unfair if the House were to tie the hands of his successor. Moreover, as Judd pointed out on the floor, the Casey Amendment was worded in such a way as to make it impossible for the President to extend aid to any nation that successfully threw off its Communist shackles. The fight is a long way from over, however, for the Authorization bill is merely the first step in the foreign aid process. Next is the all-important Appropriations bill, which provides the actual funds. In the Appropriations bill the relevant section is the Fieghan Amendment. This amendment does not list the Communist nations by name; instead, it provides a formula which defines a Communist country and then proceeds to prohibit aid to any nation falling within that definition. The Fieghan Amendment, if adopted, would not prevent the President from moving in immediately with massive aid for any nation that defects from Communism.

The House did adopt two important provisos in voting the Authorization bill: One, for all intents and purposes, prevents the President from buying that $100 million worth of UN bonds; the other denies aid to any nation which expropriates American properties without adequate compensation.

With the congressional elections a scant four months away much attention is being paid here to the question of whether the GOP can win control of the House in the fall. Democrats, on the whole, are pessimistic about their chances of maintaining control of the House. Republicans jubilantly predict they will organize the House in January of next year.

The pros, however, do not see things quite so clearly. Two of the most respected professional politicians in the Republican Party have recently told friends that they expect the GOP to make substantial gains in the House and Senate this year, but neither of them expects the Party to win actual control.

The main cause of Republican joy and Democratic gloom is the falloff in popularity of President Kennedy. One Republican senator, whose political instincts are good, told aides after a swing around his state that, while he had previously feared a Kennedy foray into his home territory, he would now welcome it. "If he comes into my state," he said, "he'll give me another 30,000 votes. They don't like him out there any more."

One reason for Republican optimism is the GOP resurgence south of the Mason-Dixon line. In Alabama, an insurgent group of Young Republicans, led by 31-year-old John Grinier, a Birmingham attorney, has captured the state organization and installed conservative ex-Marine Grinier as State Chairman. The new organization hopes to pick up at least one congressional seat.

In Tennessee, for the first time since Reconstruction, the Memphis-Shelby County Republicans have fielded a full 17-man slate for the state Legislature and Senate and have a topnotch congressional candidate. This group, working under the name "Republican Associates," is an amalgamation of several GOP organizations, including the YR's and the League of Republican Women. It faces a primary fight on July 31 against the entrenched machine and if it survives that primary, as it now appears it will, the chances for an upset victory by the GOP in that area are good.

If the party can pick up a few new southern seats, it may well control the House, for the picture in the North is undeniably bright.

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The Third World War

Spoiling Baby

JAMES BURNHAM

In the old days it was the job of our ambassadors to represent the interests of the United States in foreign parts. Chester Bowles, when he used his New Delhi post to sell Nehru to America instead of America to New Delhi, launched a new mode. John Kenneth Galbraith lopes happily in the footsteps of his predecessor. Howard P. Jones in Indonesia wins cheers as he shouts *Merdeka* to mass rallies supporting Sukarno's attack on New Guinea. The U.S. diplomatic establishment in the Congo transforms itself into a press agency for Adoula. Adlai Stevenson tours Washington and the country peddling UN bonds. In another couple of years at this rate, ambassadors home on leave from central Africa will be serving roast babies for dinner.

Burnham

There should, then, be no surprise at the haste with which Ambassador George Kennan rushed from Belgrade to help browbeat Congress into dropping its ban on further handouts to Tito. He was just doing his duty according to the revised diplomatic code. Tito knows what he wants, so it's up to the U.S. Ambassador to get it for him.

Results of an Experiment

Tito's break with Stalin was a serious, potentially even a disastrous, blow to the Communist empire. It called for action on our part: to prevent Stalin from overrunning the dissident province by military means; to deepen the break so that it might become irreparable; and to work to transform it from a break *within* the Communist structure into a clean break *from* Communism.

Immediately after the break, a group of anti-Communist Yugoslav exiles proposed confidentially to our government that U.S. troops should be sent into Yugoslavia "to preserve peace and defend Yugoslav territorial integrity against the threatening moves of the Soviet forces." Simultaneously, the anti-Communist Yugoslavs, who were numerous and active, though persecuted, inside the country as well as in exile, would initiate a political campaign to replace Tito with a free, non-Communist government. There was nothing fantastic in this proposal. The tradition expressed by Mihailovitch was still powerful in Yugoslavia; and we still had an A-bomb monopoly.

Doubtless it was utopian to suppose that the U.S. Government, wallowing in bureaucracy and blinded by false ideas about Communism, could act with the suggested speed and audacity. Granted, the extension of diplomatic, material and financial aid—*if conceived as a means toward the objectives I have listed*—was justified as a more modest and perhaps more prudent experiment, to be tested by experience. But what has actually happened is that Tito's regime has *not* split further away from Moscow; Tito is politically closer to the Kremlin today than at any time since the break opened. For a number of years, Yugoslavia has sided with Moscow, and acted against the West, on every important international issue. Moreover, Yugoslavia remains a Communist dictatorship. The experiment (as conducted by the State Department) has conclusively demonstrated that we just aren't getting anything for our money. Everybody knows this, in spite of all the doubletalk from the Department and George Kennan.

In the 23 years between the two wars, Yugoslavia received from the outside world a total of less than $100 million, all in the form of loans, not gifts or grants.

In the eleven years 1950-61, Yugoslavia has received from the United States $1.5 billion in economic aid and $1 billion in military aid. It has got another $500 million from international organizations and West European governments. (In addition, it earlier got $435 million from UNRRA.) Thus Communist Yugoslavia has been getting, on average, nearly two-and-a-half times as much money from abroad *each year* as reactionary-capitalist-monarchist — etc. Yugoslavia got for the entire 23-year, between-war period. Capitalist-monarchist Yugoslavia was no paradise, but it managed to get along; and it regularly raised a food surplus for export. Communist Yugoslavia has a huge and rising food deficit that is expected to include a million tons of grain alone this year.

Blackmail Communism

The Yugoslavs, however, are not going hungry. Though their economy is a fantastic jumble of inefficiency, graft and finagling, they are quite well off, thanks to our gigantic handouts, which amount to half the annual budget. They have even started a foreign aid program of their own (on our money, of course) which reached nearly $100 million in eighteen months, chiefly to India, Ceylon, Indonesia, Egypt and Ethiopia. Our money is permitting this gangster-run police state, whose actual record is a striking proof of Communist failure, to put itself forward to world opinion as a model of the triumph of "national Communism."

The whole performance is really ridiculous. If we as a nation could recover a grain of common sense, we would not give the vulgar, strutting blackmailer who now runs Yugoslavia another cent, not another grain of wheat, unless we got solid acts in prompt payment: support of the West in international policies; release of Djilas and all internal political prisoners, with freedom for political opposition; sensible economic reforms.

If Tito couldn't pay then let the rug be pulled; and let the Yugoslav peoples understand the terms on which we would be prepared to do business. If it hadn't been for us, they would probably have got rid of Tito a long while ago. Tito, with his national Communism, has become our baby, not theirs.

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The Unexamined Side of Edward Bennett Williams

Meet the new Darrow, 'after whose health,' the prosecutor said, 'all criminals solicitously inquire before setting out on the evening's business'

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

For twenty years [Adam Clayton] Powell [Jr.] has been one of the most controversial and newsworthy figures in public life in New York City . . . His eloquent articulation of his convictions on racial equality and his personal dynamism have won him hordes of idolators and hordes of detractors.

Edward Bennett Williams,
One Man's Freedom, p. 207

Among Adam Clayton Powell Jr.'s eloquent articulations of his convictions on racial equality:

On America's entry into World War II: "[As long as the war was] yellow against yellow, white against black, and white against white [the U.S. stayed out] . . . Pearl Harbor, however, was yellow against white, and the war came immediately with the race baiters roaring their approval."

On racial equality and the Soviet Union: "Negro-Americans admire and feel close to the Soviet Union. We are impressed by Russia's complete abolition of racial discrimination, by the job, health and other forms of social security which the USSR guarantees to *all* of its nearly 200 million people, and by its consistent fight to destroy fascism and free the colonial peoples. Negroes, therefore, generally avoid the anti-Soviet traps set by the imperialist war-makers."

. . . and a few examples of Adam Clayton Powell Jr.'s personal dynamism. On Martin Dies: "The sooner [Dies] is buried, the better. He is one of the few people in history whose body has begun to stink before it died . . . There is only one place fit for him to live and that's Hitler's outhouse. WE DEMAND THAT THE PRESIDENT HAVE HIM ARRESTED AS AN ENEMY AGENT . . . The death of Dies is just as important as the death of Hitler."

On the Taft-Hartley Act: "This bill has been called a bill of rights for labor . . . It is a bill of rights and lefts under the belt for labor, not only under the belt but in the back, in good old foreign fascist style."

On the Republican Party of Thomas E. Dewey: "Dewey is now the Crown Head and indebted servant of the worst anti-American, isolationist reactionaries ever to come on the scene . . . Dewey and those who voted to support him in the race for the Presidency hate Negroes, democracy, the President, and progress. They are the fullest expression of Southern Bourbon crackerocracy and domestic fascism."

Libertarian Largesse

Such eloquence and personal dynamism do indeed have a way of discouraging incipient friendships, but Edward Bennett Williams, once he becomes your advocate—that is to say, when your personal dynamism gets you into trouble with the law—*stays* your advocate, well beyond the requirements of professional duty. Witness his handling of the case of Adam Clayton Powell Jr. in his current best-seller (*One Man's Freedom*, Atheneum, $5.95), in which he has succeeded in causing most of the reviewers to believe—he treats us as though we were members of a jury, putty in his masterful hands—that here is a profound book on the sorry condition of civil liberties and civil rights. A book, moreover, which he uniquely was able to write because of the vastness of his experience and the largeness of his libertarian heart. These last are available at one thousand dollars a day, which is a highish fee, but rendered less painful by the knowledge that your case may be a chapter in a future book by Ed Williams, and from there, the proximate cause of a historical, social or juridical reform. Your case will be dealt with gently. If Edward Bennett Williams had defended Adolf Eichmann, he would no doubt have introduced him by saying: "Adolf Eichmann's steadfast devotion to his own ideas on controversial ethnic issues earned him a horde of admirers and a horde of detractors." Whereupon he would proceed, as he has done with Powell, *et al.*, to move in on the deficiencies in the legal case against Eichmann.

And who is to say there were none? What does it matter *how* Williams characterizes his clients? Are the points he raises concerning necessary reforms in congressional investigating procedures, in federal and state laws governing criminal procedures, are they not valid or invalid criticisms irrespective of whether Williams' clients are, or are not, angels or sinners? The answer to this question is not obvious. The demands of justice are cheek-to-cheek against the rights of the individual and when one hears it proposed that extensive radical reforms be instituted (Williams would, for instance, deny to Congress the right to exercise its informing function), one properly inquires about the balance of the reformer, about his capacity to make sound judgments; one asks whether his documentation is responsibly set forth: whether, in a word, it is credi-

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ble. *One Man's Freedom,* which has overnight become a sacred book for the civil libertines, deals with a number of people and their cases, each one illustrating the need for a separate reform. About most of Mr. Williams' clients I have only an impression (though, *e.g.,* I'd sooner trust my impression that Hoffa is a hood than I would Williams' "proof" that he isn't). I know a good deal about the circumstances behind the difficulties of two of them. One is the Reverend Adam Clayton Powell Jr. And if Mr. Williams' treatment of the Powell case is typical of either his capacity for the truth or of his access to it, then his book should be dismissed for what it seems to me to be: a venture in cynicism, or a venture in helpless confusion. In either case, it should not, at least not by itself, be permitted to unbalance the scales of justice.

I

Mr. Williams calls his chapter on Powell "Fingers on the Scales of Justice." The fingers, it transpires, are my very own, for it is I, says Williams, who, in the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW, whipped up a grand jury into an unnatural frenzy by making "irresponsible charges." The result was the indictment for income tax evasion of the Rev. Adam Clayton Powell Jr.

The case of Adam Powell is too complex to detail again, even though there is a purpose in doing so now that Williams has conscripted the corpse to march in his parade testifying to the existing criminal procedural arrangements. Here it is without unrolling the winding sheet to anything like its full length.

Says Williams in his book:

1) Adam Clayton Powell's tax affairs were being looked into by a grand jury. The jury recessed "without returning an indictment. The only proper explanation for this was that there was not sufficient evidence on which to indict." 2) NATIONAL REVIEW, having received a lurid account of the case from former Assistant U.S. Attorney Thomas A. Bolan, cranked up a successful campaign to incite the jury to have another and vindictive look at Powell's income tax returns. 3) NATIONAL REVIEW charged that the grand jury had been derailed most probably because the Eisenhower Administration was repaying Powell the favor done it when Powell announced in October 1956 that all Negroes should vote for Eisenhower. "Of course, the absurdity of the charge was quickly demonstrable from the fact that the Powell grand jury was not even empaneled until after the election." And 4) Powell was not convicted, and the case against him was ultimately dropped—conclusive testimony to the flimsiness of the original charges.

Advocate Williams declines to inform his readers that 1) the grand jury looking into the affairs of Adam Powell had been only temporarily recessed in March of 1957, having been interrupted in mid-investigation to permit Assistant Attorney Bo-

Edward Bennett Williams

lan, in charge of presenting the evidence to the grand jury, to dispose of an emergency matter assigned to him by the U.S. Attorney. After Bolan had completed his work and was ready to return to the Powell case, he was advised by his immediate superior that New York had had word from Washington that the Powell case was "too hot," and they were to let it slide. Williams does not mention that the professional tax investigators looking into the case gave an opinion that already enough material had been accumulated to warrant indictment, nor does he record their expressed belief that continued research would yield even more incriminating evidence. He does not mention that the grand jury was never consulted about the decision to suspend its sessions even though it had the exclusive authority to decide whether or not sufficient information had been developed to warrant an indictment. He does not mention that during the 18-month interval when the grand jury was paralyzed the statute of limitations crept in to immunize Powell against any prosecution for the year 1950, around which a formidable preliminary case had been built. He does not mention that the grand jury, when it did reconvene, was so indignant over its abuse by the U.S. Attorney that it went so far as to consider voting a presentment against the U.S. Attorney's office for its conduct of the case. He does not mention that the U.S. Attorney assured the grand jury, when it reconvened, that the long interval had been spent in "evaluating" the case, and that it had all along been his intention to recall the grand jury and ask for an indictment which, what do you know, here he was asking for. (It makes no difference that no one believed the U.S. Attorney: his was the public story, and is a part of the public history of the case, which Williams was ostensibly relating.)

NR's Exposé

2) Mr. Williams is correct in implying that the grand jury would probably not have reconvened but for NATIONAL REVIEW's prodding. Although grand juries are technically autonomous, in practice they rely on the leadership of the U.S. Attorneys. The grand jury reached for its latent powers on being reminded it had them; and, in reconvening, weighed the evidence and presumably (they too are innocent until proved guilty) agreed with the investigators for the Treasury Department and with Assistant Attorney Bolan and with the reactivated U.S. Attorney; and they voted for indictment. Williams does not mention that it was a member of the grand jury, no less, who requested that NATIONAL REVIEW send copies of its exposé to each member; that a separate grand jury investigated whether in doing so the editor of NATIONAL REVIEW had violated a law, and declined to return an indictment; that Williams' plea that the indictment against Powell be dropped on the grounds that it had been illegally obtained through the agitations of NATIONAL REVIEW was yawned out of court by two different judges.

3) In striking a pose of outraged innocence at the mere suggestion that the Eisenhower Administration might

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have promised Powell to cooperate in the matter of his pending tax investigation, Williams evidently found it necessary not to mention any of the circumstantial data that induced worldly observers to accept that hypothesis.

Powell Likes Ike

On July 3, 1956, the U.S. Attorney in New York announced publicly that a full-scale investigation into Powell's tax affairs would be launched immediately. The investigation had been catalyzed by evidence that grew out of successive indictments and trials of four of Mr. Powell's close professional associates. Three of his secretaries had been indicted, and one had already been convicted. The testimony heavily implicated Powell. One secretary was on trial at that moment.

As late as October 6, Powell was telling his congregation that no Negro could conscientiously "campaign for Stevenson or Eisenhower." Five days later, on October 11, scheduled to testify at his secretary's trial, Powell walked in and out of the White House, called a press conference on the spot, and urged all Negroes to vote for Eisenhower.

This was a political bombshell. Powell threw himself into the cause of Eisenhower's re-election. Exhibiting what Mr. Williams has described as his eloquent and dynamic fight for racial equality, he denounced Stevenson as "a slave" to "America's fifth column of native fascists," and said that Negroes who voted for him were "traitors to their race." The *New York Times* reported that Governor Harriman had found the coincidence "strange" that Powell should strike out on so unexpected a course while the Eisenhower Administration was looking into his tax returns.

It is true that the grand jury was not empaneled until December, a month after the election. Williams does not consider the embarrassment that would have resulted from failing to call up a jury after the announcement had been publicly made that a thorough investigation was under way. Williams does not allude to Bolan's statements, made under oath, to the effect that he had been told to drop the case because Powell was "too hot." He does not mention that in 1960 a columnist wrote a detailed three-column exposé, based on the testimony of one of Powell's disaffected confidants, describing the exact nature of the deal made between one of Eisenhower's lieutenants and Adam Powell: a series that was not challenged, either by Eisenhower's lieutenant or by Powell. He does not mention that Senator Williams of Delaware referred to the situation as demanding congressional investigation. He does not allude at all to the general concurrence that the whole thing smelled, *e.g.*, the *Richmond Times-Dispatch's* summation:

> Now, we believe—and it is simply an act of faith in a man—that Dwight Eisenhower individually had nothing on earth to do with the Department of Justice's decision, in March of 1957, to suppress its case against Adam Clayton Powell. It is unthinkable, in the light of Eisenhower's whole career, that he dropped so much as a wink or a nudge or a hint that Powell's help of the Autumn should thus be repaid in the Spring. But the harsh, unyielding fact is that somebody, at the level of Herbert Brownell or on down the line, gave the word in March of 1957 that the heat was off; and realities of politics are such that the prosecution of a Negro congressman from New York City is not handled in a casual fashion. The question must be asked, and Mr. Eisenhower's administration stands under a cloud until it is answered: Who gave this word, and why?

We do not know. We know only that it was given. When NATIONAL REVIEW succeeded in alerting the grand jury to what was going on, the jury met, heard the evidence (though not by any means all of it—there was no time, with the jury's life about to expire, to chase down enticing leads; moreover, as we have seen, other incriminating evidence had been defused by the statute of limitations); and Adam Powell was indicted on several counts of filing fraudulent income tax returns. I remember Murray Kempton's writing me at the time to chide NATIONAL REVIEW for having upset the only 1956 Republican campaign promise that had remained intact eighteen months after the election!

It remains to be said 4) that the case against Adam Powell was ultimately dropped. That is an utterly irrelevant datum. The broader question at issue is whether a grand jury was tampered with, and the narrower question is whether Edward Williams, in making the case for a congeries of legal and congressional reforms, is to be trusted. As far as Powell is concerned, it is appropriate to observe that it is no more true that all men who are found not guilty are in fact not guilty, than it is true that all men who are found guilty are guilty. (As NATIONAL REVIEW suggested some time ago, the question needs to be raised whether the law has yet been devised which one cannot break provided one can subsequently secure the help of Edward Bennett Williams.) Adam Powell is legally a free man and that is as it should be; it does not follow automatically that he was not culpable. The jury heard evidence that, among other things, Powell had deducted $2,536 for round-trip train fares to Washington in the course of a single year during which he had been abroad for four months, to justify which would have required him to travel from New York to Washington practically every day including Sundays. He had taken a deduction, the prosecution charged, of $737 for clerical raiment which had, apparently, cost him only $2.37. Etc., etc. Williams' courtroom strategy was to dig up all kinds of deductible expenses Powell and his wife could have got away with deducting but didn't deduct, and he found here and there overstatements of income. Internal Revenue permits an overstatement of income to cancel out excessive deductions dollar for dollar, a projection of the theory that if you save one man from drowning, you are entitled to drown one man—so be it; the law is a ass, and let's keep it that way. Ten members of the jury voted to let Powell go. Two members thought he was guilty. Powell's prosecutor tried to amend a disastrously constructed Bill of Particulars which he had not drawn up, but which he was saddled with—conceivably the defective legal workmanship was the final honorable effort to redeem a political commitment—but it was too late, and the Government dropped the case, which is, after all, presumably what it had wanted to do ever since October 11, 1956.

Aftermath

It had been, Edward Bennett Williams concludes, a "long, expensive and politically damaging trial." It was certainly long, running over six weeks. And no one is better qualified than Mr. Williams to know that it was expensive. In fact, it was not politically damaging. True, for a

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while it looked as though Mr. Powell was slipping politically. After he was indicted, the Democratic Party tried to shelve him: not because he had been indicted, but because he had come out for Eisenhower in 1956. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People joined the hordes of detractors upset by Mr. Powell's eloquent articulation of his convictions on racial equality, and denounced him in the summer of 1958 as a "racialist." The *New York Times* called him "the most extreme racist in Congress." But in no time at all, absolutely no time at all, Powell had brought the Democratic Party in Harlem to its knees, taken over one of the most vital committee chairmanships in Congress, and found himself guest of honor at a testimonial dinner two months after Kennedy's election at which two cabinet members, Messrs. Goldberg and Ribicoff, sang Mr. Powell's praises. The Democrats are so much better at this kind of thing than Republicans are and the testimonial dinner went off without a hitch, which is more than can be said of the attempt to fix the grand jury.

II

Edward Bennett Williams has gone a long way since the day when, as a total stranger, he walked into the office of Senator Joe McCarthy and volunteered to sue, on McCarthy's behalf, Drew Pearson—free of charge. Granted, any patriotic lawyer should be willing to sue Drew Pearson free of charge, but to appear as McCarthy's counsellor during those days meant notoriety, which Williams clearly sought, but also the possibility—in Williams' case the certainty, considering that he had become intimate with the McCarthy household and happily frequented right-wing social events—of public identification as a McCarthyite; which presumably Williams did not want. Mrs. McCarthy recalls that she never believed, nor was led to believe, that Ed Williams believed in the mission of her husband, though the two were close friends. Others remember differently. Williams called me over the telephone in the summer of 1954 and asked my assistance in preparing the defense of McCarthy against the Watkins Committee, giving me clearly to understand that I should give this help at whatever personal inconvenience because the cause of McCarthy was bigger than both of us. I suggested that he secure the help of Brent Bozell, co-author of the book that had drawn me to Williams' attention (*McCarthy and His Enemies*) and, moreover, a practicing attorney. Williams accepted the suggestion gleefully, called Bozell in San Francisco where he was practicing, and persuaded him to go to Washington.

Bozell and Williams differed on several tactical matters having to do

Adam Clayton Powell Jr.

with the defense of McCarthy, but Bozell never doubted that Williams truly believed in McCarthy's crusade, which those of us who encouraged it, with however many specific reservations, understood as involving, essentially, the vigorous use of the legislative arm to require enforcement of a vigorous security program weighted in favor of the government against the loyalty risk. Three years later, Bozell happened by a church hall on a Sunday evening and heard a golden voice denouncing congressional investigating committees, the Smith Act, the House Committee on Un-American Activities, upholding the *Watkins* case and the *Jenkins* case and the *Nelson* case and the whole cluster of Supreme Court decisions whose effect had been to paralyze the internal security program.

Bozell looked in, and there was his old colleague, Edward Bennett Williams, warning direfully against the perils of which their old friend McCarthy was the eponym. Fair enough. A man can change his mind. And anyway Ed Williams takes elaborate pains in the current volume to make the case for purely professional relationships, from which it is no more to be inferred that client and lawyer are ideological or felonious soulmates, than it is to be inferred that a doctor who pulls out a Democratic appendix is himself a Democrat. The question spontaneously arises, to be sure, why Edward Bennett Williams does not get up at some other church hall and declaim about the evils of Hoffaism (those evils too have been documented); or against the evils of Goldfineism (surely the attempt by a five percenter to colonize the White House is a subject worthy of his attention?); or the evils of such as Costello (nationwide crime is also a problem); or, indeed, against the tendency of such as Adam Clayton Powell Jr., in the name of freedom for the Negro, to develop a very special racism of their own.

The Defendant Class

This imbalance in Edward Bennett Williams, which can be understood as the occupational opportunism of a lawyer on the make (McCarthyism is a dirtier word in the circles he moves in than Hoffaism), becomes a matter of general concern when said lawyer lights on the scene as a legal statesman. Ed Williams has become the premier advocate of a wide series of reforms that aim at shoring up the positions of what one might call the defendant class. *One Man's Freedom* comes with a benediction, cautiously worded but no less surprising, from Arthur Krock, an outstanding advocate of the rights of Congress and of the individual states (Williams has little use for Congress, and one gathers he never even heard of the individual states). "The obligation of a lawyer to help assure that justice under due process of law is the right of anyone accused, however he may have transgressed," says Krock, "has never been more impressively set forth than in this book. But it is also a fascinating story of major political and social contentions, adding in several surprising particulars to the public record"—and, as we have seen, leaving out several surprising particulars from the public record. And Morris Ernst, who is widely identified with the cause of civil liberties, notes that "this book contributes more to the understanding of freedom in our republic than anything else written in recent years."

That is a most questionable contention. I do not see that the book

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contributes anything at all to the understanding of freedom in our republic; indeed, I would go so far as to predict that if all of Mr. Williams' recommendations were carried out, there would be precious little freedom left in our republic; in fact, it is doubtful if there would be a republic at all.

III

The statistics on the continuing rise in the crime rate have been hitting us so insistently now for so many years that we seem, as a nation, to have become completely inured to them. We deal with crime as fatalistically as the English came to deal with the nightly bombing raids during the dark days of the world war: let's hope the blighters don't hit us, but if they do, well, that's life, and there'll always be an England.

So the situation continues to grow worse, to the point where Mr. Eric Sevareid can complain, with only the normal amount of exaggeration, that in New York City the churches are empty at night, where once they were heavily attended, because the New Yorker will not grope his way back from church to home through unlighted streets for fear that, by the law of averages, his turn will have come to cross the furious path of some hoodlum or ratpack or progressively educated teenager.

Edward Bennett Williams is typical of our most vocal social reformers who, not understanding the circumstances, elect to spend most of their time criticizing, not the lengths to which organized crime, random crime, and quasi-legal crime have taken over the nation, but the unconstitutional, illegal, and reprehensible lengths to which our law enforcement officials and our congressional investigating committees have now and then attempted to go in order to bring the lawbreakers to justice.

Mr. Williams, who has made a great career of sticking out his tongue, in behalf of such as Jimmy Hoffa, Frank Costello, Dave Beck, and Bernard Goldfine, at those who have tried to put them behind bars, devotes himself entirely to criticizing police and congressional practices that have aimed, however clumsily, at doing something about the crime rate. His remonstrances are directed not at the Communists who seek to undermine our system, or at the monopoly labor leaders who rule by cracking the pates of the opposition, or at the hoodlums who rob and prey and rape, or at the manipulators who try to corrupt whole legislatures, or at the fifth columnists who carry the Fifth Amendment like an aegis and smirk at the pathetic attempts of the petty bourgeoisie to bring them to justice: Mr. Williams pleads for action to deprive the Congress of the right to exercise its traditional power to expose crime and malfeasance, to forbid the police from tapping the telephones of putative criminals, to restrain detectives from interrogating suspects . . .

To the extent Mr. Williams is saying that this practice or that, here and there used by a policeman, is unlawful, he makes a good enough point: policemen, of all people, should not act unlawfully. But to the extent that he (or the American Civil Liberties Union) concentrates exclusively on the rights of malefactors or alleged malefactors, he is acting injudiciously. Jimmy Hoffa has rights, to be sure. But so do individual truckers, so do harassed businessmen, so do the individual members of Hoffa's union, over whom he rules like a despot. The answer to Jimmy Hoffa's overweening power would seem to be clear, though it may be true that there is not in the whole of Congress the political courage to give that answer (and this is not Williams' fault): the labor union monopolies must be broken up. The problem of the Communist conspiracy, Congress has been agonizing over for years; yet every time a corrective piece of legislation is offered, the Williamses and the ACLU'ers weep over lost liberties. The answer to juvenile delinquents is not clear, nor is the answer clear how to deal with the Frank Costellos and the great underworld syndicates that appear to have taken over whole cities. If Edward Williams is to contribute to the understanding of freedom in our republic, he must contribute to an understanding of how to deal with contemporary threats to the freedom of the republic, and this he does not do. He feels free to defend a Hoffa or a Costello—quite properly: everyone is entitled to legal representation—why does he not, as a citizen actively concerned about preserving the rights of defendants, also devote himself, in his capacity as a citizen, to the problem of how to cope with the criminals who are closing in on our society? As it stands now, known members of Murder Incorporated can walk through Central Park at night with safety, but nuns cannot. I do not see that Mr. Williams has any ideas on how to solve the problem of which that irony is a symbol; or, for that matter, that he shows any awareness of the problem.

Combating Crime

Granted, it will not be easy to come up with appropriate solutions. But should one not come up with something other than an obsessive concern for the suspect or the defendant? The columnist, John Crosby, made a semi-cogent criticism a year or so ago in an open letter to J. Edgar Hoover saying in effect: "Okay, so the crime rate is higher than ever. Why don't *you*, Mr. Hoover, do something about it?" Mr. Crosby's complaint is at least superficially appealing: if the crime rate is up, doesn't one naturally blame the law enforcers?

What Crosby does not mention is that the political wing of which he is a member, and whose spokesman on criminal and related affairs Edward Williams has become, reliably opposes, whether thoughtfully or unthoughtfully, every measure, ranging from bills allowing New York teachers to spank impossible students, to bills imposing the death penalty on atomic saboteurs—every measure designed to sharpen the domestic discipline. But Crosby has something there: his very criticisms tend to reflect the failure of Mr. Hoover publicly to identify himself with, and dramatize the need for, reforms aimed at limiting crime. Why doesn't Mr. Hoover use his enormous prestige to recommend to Congress specific revisions in the law (granted, he has made a start in the proposed wire-tapping bill advanced by Attorney General Kennedy) which might make it possible to outwit the underworld? Any such recommendations must reflect

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a continuing concern for the rights of the individual. But so also must they reflect the great advantages that our scientific age and our urban concentrations have opened up for automated crime. It is now possible for Boss Trap in New York to direct-dial Killer Joe in Los Angeles, and instruct him to deposit Recalcitrant Merchant Jones, neatly tucked into the trunk of his car, into Super-Duper GM Car-Junk Press Model 778, and whee! nothing, not a trace is left of Jones. And if Detective Smith happens to have bugged Boss Trap's telephone, all he and Killer Joe have to do is call Edward Bennett Williams, who will lucubrate over constitutional liberties; and off they will go, to continue their crusade to make the world safe from Recalcitrant Merchants.

Victims and intended victims have rights, too. Somebody should write a book about them.

IV

Edward Bennett Williams' success in winning acclamation as an architect of freedom and justice presumably derives from the use of the same skills through which he caused jurors to look at Jimmy Hoffa and Adam Clayton Powell and mistake them for the Cherubim and the Seraphim. Williams treats his readers as though they were members of a jury, and though we miss his celebrated voice and gestures, on the other hand we are not bothered by the frequent interruptions of the prosecutor. Williams' techniques are various. The first is the highly tendentious rendering of the factual situation. We have seen how he deployed the facts in the case of Adam Clayton Powell Jr. It is so elsewhere in the book. "There were no outcries," he sighs, "from the liberals for the unhappy victims of the [Kefauver] investigation — *and then it was the liberals' turn, and the public was almost indifferent to the violation of their rights. Next came organized labor.*" Here is history-making with verve: at a stroke we are informed, as confidently as that America was discovered by Christopher Columbus, that the congressional investigations of the 1950s were aimed not at Communists and pro-Communists and fellow travelers, but at Liberals! And then, covering his bets, he rushes forward to a yet more dazzling piece of historical impudence: the scrupulously, agonizingly fair investigation by Senator McClellan's anti-rackets committee should have brought "outcries" in behalf of the "unhappy victims" (instead it brought an attempt at remedial legislation in the ineffective Landrum-Griffin-Kennedy Bill).

"In May, 1958, a Cleveland industrialist named Cyrus Eaton made bold to criticize the FBI over a national television network . . . " "A Cleveland industrialist." That is Mr.

Cyrus Eaton

Williams, introducing to the jury a man who happens to be a Communist party-liner in international affairs, an adulator of Nikita Khrushchev, who on the occasion in question had attacked the FBI with the distinctive ferocity of a Communist Party hatchetman. The flotsam and jetsam of Williams' arguments wash up on the shores of reason in irreconcilable pieces, but on he goes, unperturbed. On adjoining pages he will tell us, 1): *"I very much doubt whether any juror ever saw* [Joe Louis] *in that packed courtroom, seated, and they always left before any spectator was permitted to leave his seat."* And 2): *"All of the jurors later attested that* [Joe Louis'] *appearance at the trial was meaningless insofar as the outcome was concerned."* How could it have been meaningless—or meaningful—if they had never seen him?

An extension of the technique of proceeding as though the other side did not exist is the dogmatic generality. Williams would rather asseverate about the rights and duties of Congress than get a guilty man acquitted. *"What Congress may not do is to conduct an investigation for a purpose totally unrelated to its constitutional duties. It may not, for example, conduct investigations to . . . influence public opinion."* One would think that Williams was speaking as the last survivor of the Constitutional Convention. He does not bother to relate that this ill-defined stricture on the limits of congressional power contradicts the general understanding of the powers of Congress, the practice of one hundred and seventy years, and the burden of the authoritative analysis of such constitutional and parliamentarian commentators as Walter Bagehot, Woodrow Wilson, Edward Corwin, and Hugo Black (yes, Hugo Black). Williams' Amendment to the Constitution is sustained by a single *obiter dictum* of the Warren Court (in *Watkins*), from which, incidentally, the Court has since backed away (in *Barenblatt* and *Wilkinson*). *"Too many persons have forgotten that the Fifth Amendment is a citadel of Liberty, guaranteeing far more than immunity from compulsory self-incrimination."* Too many people includes the Supreme Court in 1908 (*Twining* v. *New York*) —"[the Fifth Amendment is a] useful principle [rather than] a fundamental right"; and, in 1937, Justice Cardozo, backed up by Justices Hughes, Brandeis, Stone, Roberts, and Black, who said "Justice . . . would not perish if the accused were subjected to orderly inquiry" (*Palko* v. *Connecticut*).

Sweet Reason . . .

Yet Williams must guard against giving the jury the impression that he is unreasonable. A concession to the prosecution, every now and then, is psychologically vital. Williams has been arguing for the right of a government employee against whom secret information has been received to cross-examine the secret informant. There are those, including J. Edgar Hoover, who have repeatedly maintained that to ask the Government to surface, in every relevant security case, an agent who might have spent years penetrating the Party is to levy on the nation's security an impossible price merely to effect the discreet removal of a government employee from a position to which he has, in any case, no legal right.

But hark the reasonableness of the man. *"Of course, it is possible to conjure up situations in which the disclosure of the informant's identity could do serious damage to national*

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security. Where this is true, and where it is further true that the continuation of the accused in a sensitive job would equally damage national security" (a fast one right there, of the kind no one is around to yell *Objection!* to. The question, in security cases, is not whether the government employee *would* damage the national security, but whether there are reasonable grounds for believing he *might* damage it), "[in such cases] *there is basis for exception to the over-all rule. But the truth of these facts should be certified in writing by the cabinet officer or agency chief of the affected department or agency.* [Fair enough, provided 'would' is changed to 'might.'] *He should further certify to his belief in the credibility of the information involved. Only upon such certification should the hearing board in question be empowered to make a ruling depriving the accused of confrontation and cross-examination.* [Here we go.] *And this decision should be subject to full review by a board of appeals and, finally, full judicial review by courts which have available the concealed information that was before the board*[!]."

There is not a security official in the United States who would consider the procedures recommended by Williams as anything short of ludicrous. (And I suspect Williams knows it.) Let the FBI give the name of a secret informant to the members and staff of a federal court, to the members and staff of a court of appeals, to the members and staff of the Supreme Court, to the defendant's counsel (how is the defendant's counsel otherwise going to impeach the witness' credibility, which is the purpose of the whole procedure?) — and the "secret" informant will be ready to publish his autobiography.

But see how reasonable Williams appears?

V

And finally, there is Williams' rhetoric. It is the rhetoric of personal righteousness, with just that touch of Sunday-suit pomposity which solemnizes, and numbs. *"I was greatly moved by the plight of this man." "I entered my appearance in the case on Icardi's behalf."* (Did you ever enter *your* appearance on behalf of anyone? Shame!) *"I asked the head of the Department of Justice to afford to us, in the interest of justice, the benefits of the government's investigation." "My sense of fair play was so offended by all this. . ."*

Clichés on the Wing

The pomposity becomes insufferable when the eagle really spreads his wings, drowning out all thought in the clatter of his clichés. *"It would be a tragic paradox if we should surrender any part of our heritage in the name of this* [*anti-Communist*] *effort, for we should then have done to ourselves from within what we fear most from without."* Horsefeathers. We are in some kind of a war, and that war means things like generals, bomb shelters, CIA's, kidnappings, atom bombs, tapped telephones, conscription, super-government, secret diplomacy, bribes, subornations, seductions, GI's getting shot in South Vietnam, Smith Acts to bear down on those in our midst who pass on the ammunition to our enemies: and all this precisely *in order* to secure the nation from the total loss of freedom. *"In 1954 the Supreme Court of the United States in a great, broad-gauged humanitarian decision held that American citizens who are required to pay the same taxes, pledge allegiance to the same flag, give obedience to the same laws, fight the same wars and die in the same battles might go to the same schools."* Does that mean they can all go to Groton? *"Fortunately we have a President who believes that nine decades is long enough for the Negro to wait to vote and that the best way to end Negro disenfranchisement in the South is the quickest way."* Fortunately, we have a President who believes nothing of the sort. The quickest way to get the vote for all the Negroes of the South is presumably to shoot every white man who tries to get in the Negroes' way. But that is *not* the best way. *"We are racing on at an ever accelerating pace to maintain a peace through mutual terror, a peace that is no peace at all."* Who says it isn't? Whatever the peace's deficiencies, Edward Williams would not be at peace to defend criminals but for the success we have had in terrorizing the Soviet Union to the point of checking her mad aggressiveness.

But the man cannot, or will not, think, except about how to win the favor of juries and law school deans. He shows evidence of absolutely genuine mealy-mindedness. Toward the end of his book he makes an idealistic quantum jump of dazzling dimensions which, typically, he introduces with a pomposity. *"I have long been convinced that the time has come to make a bold, dramatic new try at realizing man's ancient hope of world peace through law."* He wants us to can the Connally Amendment and, side by side with the Soviet Union, to submit our differences to an international court of law. *"Idealistic folly?"* he asks the jury rhetorically. *"What is the alternative?"*

Wa-al, the alternative is *not* to repeal the Connally Amendment. And *not* to submit national problems of life and death to anyone's authority other than our own, for so long at least as it is clear that the Soviet Union would use the court only insofar as it furthered world revolution, ignore it insofar as it didn't.

Up from World Law

Ah, but Williams has a revelation up his sleeve for us skeptics. He has had a long talk with Mr. Platon D. Morozov, the Soviet Union's top legal representative at the United Nations, and Morozov confided to Williams that *he too* believes that the Communists should make "unqualified declarations recognizing the compulsory jurisdiction of the court"! What *are* we waiting for? Morozov says it's okay!

The last thing we need is to be ruled over by an international court while we live in a world with the Soviet Union in it. It would be quite unsettling enough to contemplate living under a world court—assuming the Soviet Union sank into the seas—of the kind that would have the blessing of Edward Bennett Williams. What kind of courts does he go in for? He tells us earlier in the book. *"We* [in America] *are blessed in the 1960s with the greatest Supreme Court in history."*

If that's the case, *this* eloquent articulator of his conviction on racial equality will vote for the *worst* Supreme Court in history, thanks very much; and, seventy times seven times, against the repeal of the Connally Amendment.

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Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

Us Simple Americans

IT IS TIME to take stock. Seventeen years of steady advance of Soviet power, and the continuing failure of American leadership to concert an effective counter-strategy, inevitably create increasingly dangerous situations in world affairs. Today we live in conditions created by the collapse of any effective American policy in the post-Dulles years of the Eisenhower Administration and the first years of the Kennedy Administration.

Meyer

The beginning of this phase was signalized by the Khrushchev visit to the United States and the conferences at Camp David. The years since have seen accelerating deterioration of Western resistance: the steady attrition of our stance on Germany in the face of Khrushchev's ultimata; the agonized collapse of Western power in continental Africa and on the southern shores of the Mediterranean; the continued strangling of Chinese Nationalist power and the negotiated advance of Communism into Southeast Asia; the establishment of a firm Communist base in the Western Hemisphere, aided and abetted first by American complacence, then by American hand-wringing and bumbling.

These are a few of the surface events; but even more devastatingly significant than these clear notes of retreat has been the steady underlying theme of "coexistence" and appeasement, heralded by Eisenhower's "war is unthinkable" and rising to a crescendo in the settled policy of the Kennedy Administration that victory is a "simplistic idea." But "in war there is no substitute for victory," and it is war in which we are engaged—war declared by the international Communist enterprise at its inception many years ago, war in which, at least since 1945, the United States has been the main enemy, indeed the only serious enemy. Every strategy, every tactic, every action of that enterprise has as its guiding aim the defeat of the United States, for only the United States stands in the way of its messianic drive to conquest of the world.

THESE are the simple sober facts of the situation in which we find ourselves—facts confirmed both by the explicit witness of the corpus of Communist doctrine and by the record of the history of our time. But the Establishment brands anyone who dares to state this central blinding truth as "simplistic." When Barry Goldwater writes, "Our job, first and foremost, is to persuade the enemy that we would rather follow the world to Kingdom Come than consign it to Hell under Communism," or when Robert Pell, the senatorial candidate of the Conservative Party of New York, says, "It has become almost treasonable to speak of the enemy as the enemy," it fills the air with verbiage about "Americans who are unable to accept the complicated adjustments necessary in our time," and "the responsibilities and nuances entailed in world leadership."

Our policies and our actions over these years—policies and actions concerted by connoisseurs of nuances—are evidence of what failure to recognize simple, stark reality brings in its train. Our blind pressure for disarmament, which can only improve the enemy's position; our long cessation of nuclear testing; our craven abandonment of the U-2 flights; our absurd cooperation with the Soviet Union (can anyone imagine such cooperation with Nazi Germany?) in "cultural exchange"; our wasting of the substance of America on economic aid to countries that never have and never will support us in the war with Communism: our leaders' fantastic wishful thinking about "polycentric Communism" and "national Communism"; our insults—and often worse than insults—to our firmest allies: all are witness that the "nuances" of the Establishment are but elaborate rationalizations of a refusal to face reality and fulfill the solemn duties that morality and patriotism alike dictate to those who guide the fortunes of the United States in this perilous hour.

When one shakes his mind free of the verbal gymnastics and supersophisticated "analyses" of which most discussion of foreign policy consists today, when one steps back and soberly takes stock of the world as it actually is, the truth *is* simple. It is that only the power of the United States prevents the instant domination of the world by Communism; and that, because of our power, it is upon us and us alone that the duty of leadership and the authority of decision rest.

THE "nuances" which the various factions of the Establishment can find to evade this truth are inexhaustible. If the intellectual bankruptcy of Rostow, Stevenson, Bowles, with their blatant refusal to recognize the reality of Communism, becomes glaringly obvious, then the stark responsibility of the United States can be shrugged off and our proud sovereignty putatively traded away by Lippmann and Fulbright (and now Rockefeller, in his new book *The Future of Federalism*) in some gimmicky dream of an Atlantic Union or a "federation of free nations," which will relieve us of the burden and the glory of manhood. The Europe of a tragically torn France, an effete Britain, an Italy "opening to the left," a Germany hanging upon the life of a great octogenarian, is held by the slenderest threads from full socialism and outright accommodation with Communism. It is only from the United States that the will and the power to defend freedom can come; but it will only come from the United States when the nerveless hands of the tergiversating experts in "nuances" are replaced at the helm by the hands of men who are wise enough to be able to see simple things—that Communism is evil; that it threatens to destroy us; that it must be defeated; and that on the United States rests the duty, as we have the power, to bring about its defeat.

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The Leader Is Right

Tell a typical Frenchman what is going on today and he'll think it is a bad joke. "I am non-political, Monsieur," he will say, and let it go at that

GEORGE M. PEPPER

In France this year winter went on and on. You wondered if good weather would ever come again. During the long winter you grew accustomed to several strange things: after the first few times you took it as routine, showing your papers to the armed CRS men; the roving convoys of security troops became an ordinary sight and you were not surprised if you saw units of the Garde Mobile in the evening stationed for blocks up and down a main boulevard; you gave them hardly a glance the morning you saw a column of tanks near the Cité Universitaire. At first it was difficult learning what you could talk about in the cafés, but that came in time, too. (You still remember a girl at a dinner party who was seated between an elegant young man from the Premier's office and a former colonel of the Foreign Legion. In the end she gave up talking entirely and ate through five of seven courses in silence.) Conversation, in fact, became fairly easy once you had accommodated yourself to the rule: Avoid the subject of Algeria.

France was not always like this. As short a time ago as August and September it was not, but while winter ran its long course Parisians grew used to the new phase of the rule of the Fifth Republic without being too aware anything had happened to them. The new life had not caught up. If anyone was disturbed he reassured himself with the thought that, no matter what happens, "nothing can touch the Frenchman's innate genius for living." One waited for the spring, not merely because it meant the return of warmth and possibly good humor, but because, perhaps, with the arrival of tourists policemen might hide their machine-guns more carefully. Spring came finally on Good Friday when the sky was clear for the first day since November and trees in the Luxembourg Gardens turned suddenly green. Good Friday was also the day General Salan was arrested (in Algiers it rained that morning).

Well, one does not see so many guns now that the tourists are here. Paris After Dark does not necessarily mean an occupied city anymore, and as you stride along the crowded quais or sip a leisurely café you feel almost that things are as they should be. Only they are not. Something is disrupted. What? How? One looks for a clue.

A New Approach

It would seem a new mode of government (a new approach to governing, one should perhaps say), long badly defined, is currently taking on some more identifiable form. Adherents of the political Left sometimes characterize it as "neo-fascism" or "semi-fascism"; adherents of the Right are reluctant to accept that kind of characterization, for various reasons. What the leftists have in mind, of course, are governments that cannot be easily overturned by parliamentary majorities and unusual coalitions of odd parties. What they and adherents of the Right both recognize—the one group in a spirit of antagonism, the other with reserved approbation—are the principles of the new approach to government in their first rudimentary application; and they recognize these traits in such countries as Salazar's Portugal—perhaps the forerunner, in Adenauer's Germany to an extent, and with tragic incompleteness, in the France of Charles de Gaulle.

I have spoken of a new movement in government without being sure one can properly speak of the thing in that manner, and I have said the de Gaulle regime should be categorized within the limits of it, though it incompletely fulfills — how incompletely! — this ideal for which we have not even a designating term yet. But we are not trying to discover here in what theoretical sense the de Gaulle regime fails. We are concerned with this: the effects of its failure on the lives of Frenchmen.

Some of de Gaulle's apologists define the character of his regime as "personalist." Most Americans would recognize it as a dictatorship. In France that is what grocers and clerks call it, for generally they are not political theorists.

De Gaulle's Fifth Republic is a new kind of dictatorship, though. We have never seen one like it before. Parallels drawn between it and, say, the Third Reich would be largely fallacious, nor has it dressed itself in the panoply of Mussolini's Second Rome. It has established definitely, even for those who always formerly doubted such a thing to be possible, that a dictatorial regime can keep itself installed in power but continue to tolerate the existence of democratic institutions, even use them toward its own ends. The government capitalizes on the techniques of dictatorship, the devices of propaganda, so that, for instance, "administrative internees" becomes the name for the inmates of its concentration camps.

Where it gives up pretense of being anything but what it is, when it is nakedly dictatorial, the threat of administrative internment to compel political conformism is one of the regime's ugliest expressions. Even

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the national radio, which divulges only what the government permits, has acknowledged as many as nearly two hundred arrests for political reasons in a single day; most of those arrested are in the category of "administrative internees." Arrests of this category are made without indictment on grounds of alleged "subversive activity against the authority of the State"; one is imprisoned without trial for an indeterminate term. The existence and degree of "subversion" is determined by the Minister of the Interior and the Prefect of Police, and the arrests are made at their discretion. It is so inconsonant with the traditional forms of French penal law that the internee has no means of appeal or amelioration of his "sentence." You cannot, after all, appeal in a court against an imprisonment to which you were never sentenced.

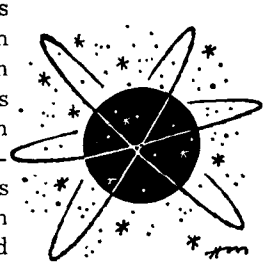
Political Prisoners

There is probably no accurate figure available to the public as to the number of inmates held in French concentration camps. It seems to amount to at least several thousand, most of the internees, both civilian and military, being Frenchmen who regarded Algeria as an integral province of their national territory and were sympathetic to attempts to retain it as such. That is not to say they necessarily tried actively to obstruct the regime's Algerian policy, not by any means. A case known to this writer comes to mind, the case of an army officer tried some months ago by the Special Military Tribunal for possible implication in the Generals' Putsch of a year ago. The Tribunal found him not guilty and absolved him of all charges. Days afterwards he was arrested and imprisoned as an administrative internee. This officer has spent months, now, in a concentration camp. His son is expected to die soon from leukemia.

I spoke recently with a lady whose son, the proprietor of an important Parisian bookstore, was imprisoned similarly early in the year. The man has five children. In order to make money for them, his wife and mother have been trying to keep a small business going through the mails. "But it's hard," the mother said to me. "The police, you know, took away so much when they raided my son's store."

Take the dying boy whose father must surely wonder in the solitary hours of each night whether his son still lives, take the five children nearly without support whose father used to sell books; multiply them, if human pain can be statistically measured, by the thousands of political prisoners, and the potential for misery numbs one's understanding.

Yet — you are staggered by this — most Frenchmen, the great body of them, are oblivious. Oblivious! Germans speaking of their country's unhappy past have said, "I never knew . . . "; one has heard it. How could that be? you asked incredulously. I tell you: speak to a Frenchman, an average Frenchman, a man who is typical as people are typical in all countries, one who does not read one of the handful of opposition newspapers which are permitted tenuously to exist—so contemptuous of their influence is the regime—one who does not listen to radio broadcasts from abroad, one who is no more concerned with political events than typical men everywhere and thinks about them no more profoundly; tell him that Frenchmen have been treating other Frenchmen in Algeria more viciously than German occupiers ever did in Paris, tell him that thousands are interned in concentration camps in his own country, and he will turn away from you as if you had made a joke in bad taste. Ah yes, he knows de Gaulle is a dictator, he says himself he knows it; he knows, too, that when he voted Yes on April 8 he formalized the dictator's powers (the language of the proposition did not fool him), but what has it to do with him? Look for yourself! He is not in a concentration camp, nor will he be ("I am non-political, Monsieur"); he has an apartment, a car, television, perhaps he can soon buy his wife one of the highly advertised new washing machines. All truly does go well for him, and one day he too can say "I didn't know."



Dictatorship, contrary to what one has conceived it to be, is not a monolithic structure; it is not an engine working prodigiously, implacably consistent. Its terror lies in enforcing measures inconsistently, with unassailable authority. What does one do in life? Perhaps one writes. You are a journalist. What shall you write? What indeed? In the Fifth Republic, who knows? One day an insipid newspaper publishes an article interpreted as hostile to the regime and the entire issue of the paper is seized. Yet, another time, at a moment when cannons are mounted on ministry roofs, when soldiers guard the railroad stations, when as many as eighty thousand people will be searched in the capital in a single day, then a book attacking the dictator in unequivocal terms, written by a former minister and confidant—just such a book will appear and it will enjoy wide circulation. You do not know where you stand.

Now no rational man opposes the inherent right of a government, morally based, to secure its existence, nor does anyone question the propriety of even severe repressive measures at a moment of grave crisis. But there, at the point where a man does not know where he stands—that is where dictatorship degenerates into totalitarianism.

De Gaulle *avait raison?* De Gaulle is an aristocrat, a monarchist, a soldier, not least of all a Catholic. For those qualities, a group of France's best men in 1958, distressed by the futility and inconstancy of the government in power, driven to desperation by that government's betrayal of them, offered the power to this General de Gaulle. One believes these men were nobly motivated and one supposes de Gaulle, even if he began his public career with an act of disobedience, must have been devoted to his country and her well-being. Where does the change take place in a man, though; when, in his consideration of affairs, does his regard for the people he governs become less important than his image of himself and the impression he aspires to leave on history? It is an imponderable question, perhaps, even to the man. But one senses that when the Leader *has* to be right, the transition is completed.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Californian Proposals for Reform

If for a time California suffered under one of the more flabby and "progressive" systems of public instruction in all the land, nowadays intelligent Californians are bent upon intellectual reform. The school board of San Francisco already has adopted a salutary revision of curriculum. And now the Senate of California has published a document which might serve as a model for the general restoration of learning in our schools.

Kirk

This is the Report of the Joint Interim Committee on the Public Education System, 1961, including the Final Report of the Citizens Advisory Commission. This latter committee, reporting to the legislature, included scholars, businessmen, professional people, and a sound sampling of other occupations. Among its members were Dr. Robert Bernard, president of Claremont College; Dr. Joel Hildebrand, professor emeritus of chemistry at the University of California; and Dr. Robert Sproul, president emeritus of the University of California—so it is impossible for any educationist lobby to impugn successfully the group's competence.

In general, this report recommends to the legislature, to the governing boards of state universities and colleges and to school boards, a series of well-defined and sweeping proposals for restoring purpose to public schooling, and abolishing boondoggles. From the many good things in it I extract here a few.

"The primary objective of the public schools should be the fullest development within the capacity of every individual to think and act effectively through the mastery, by each student, to the extent of his ability, of the skills, knowledge, thought and appreciation which embody the major achievements of civilization. They are mainly language, literature, art and music, history, geography, government, mathematics and natural science. The school, in cooperation with the family, church, community, and other educative agencies, seeks to develop individuals who think and act according to the highest ethical standards.

"We regard a competitive spirit, within a framework of mutual respect, cooperation, and regard for the rights of others, as an integral part of our social structure. . . . The school should foster in each student the desire to excel or at least to do his best.

"Although 'life adjustment, social adaptations,' and similar purposes are desirable, they are not primary goals. The school has neither the chief responsibility nor the means for dealing with all aspects of personal development. It cannot perform its primary function adequately if its efforts are widely scattered."

The Basic Disciplines

The report goes on to affirm that the family is the most important educational institution, and that for many people the church is second —and the formal school third.

"All teacher-education institutions [should] keep courses on methods to a minimum and encourage early observation and practice teaching," the Citizens Advisory Commission makes plain. Internship, rather than pretentious and innumerable courses in Education, is recommended.

The members emphasize the importance of reading (including literary forms) and other basic disciplines, asking that the Education Code be altered to provide that "a minimum of two-thirds of each school week shall be devoted to reading, writing, spelling, English, and arithmetic in grades one to six, inclusive; and a minimum of one-half of each school week shall be devoted to the above subjects and geography, history, and civics in grades seven and eight."

"Physical education" should receive less emphasis, they write, and the requirement of driver-training should be stricken from the Education Code. The notion of "forming the whole child" is discarded: "Neither manners and morals, nor the effects of alcohol and narcotics, are academic disciplines. The former can be taught best informally, by precept and example, in connection with all classroom activities, and the latter as part of the general instruction in health and physical education."

The Californian system of uniform state adoption of textbooks should be supplanted by competition, and the Commission recommends that "textbooks in spelling and reading which lay greater stress upon word structure and phonics be made available for selection by local districts."

Frowning upon the boondoggle of bureaucratic "Mental Health," the advisors ask the legislature to "enact a law requiring that no child be referred to an agency outside the school for psychological and psychiatric treatment without the prior consent of the child's parents"—and would exempt children, except upon parents' specific consent, from any testing other than that for mental ability and proficiency in skills. They would deprive the Department of Social Welfare of its arbitrary powers over private schools, and for interfering with parental authority over pre-school children.

Strongly commending local control of schools, the Commission "disapproves of any contention that local school boards, and the citizens who elect them, cannot know what is best for the children of the community, and that 'the learning processes' have become so complex that only professional educators are competent to determine educational policy." Not one witness before the Commission advocated centralization of the school system, either by state or Federal Government.

The sooner these proposals are adopted in California, and in all these United States, the better chance we have for saving the truly human person from a mindless "socialization."

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Bear Statistics

COLIN CLARK

There is one thing which must be said about our so-called scientific age, namely, that it is in fact extremely superstitious and uncritical. It has produced great numbers of scientists, technical men and administrators excellent in their own fields, who nevertheless, as soon as they step outside them, betray a gullibility far beyond that of our less educated but shrewder predecessors. Showing no interest, most of them, in supernatural things, it is regarding terrestrial affairs, particularly politics and economics, that these otherwise intelligent men develop their superstitions. For example, it is almost universally believed by educated men—just because they have heard someone say so, not from any examination of the evidence—that no economic ill-effects follow from excessive taxation; that two-thirds of the world is hungry (this statement by Lord Boyd-Orr was just a plain error in arithmetic); and that productivity in the USSR is advancing much faster than in the United States, so that it is only a matter of a few years before the United States is overtaken.

This latter view has received almost universal credence, and has been stated by many authorities, including spokesmen of the United States Government and of its intelligence services. The evidence on which it is based, when one comes to examine it, is found to be extremely flimsy. Much of it was based on the period 1948-53, when the Soviet Union was recovering from the effects of the German invasion. As any parent knows, a child suffering a serious illness will show a substantial loss in weight; as soon as the illness is over, weight increases at more than the usual rate, until the child has again reached the weight normal for its age, after which point the usual rate of growth is continued. What would we think of a doctor who took measurements of a child's weight during such a recovery period, put them on a statistical diagram, and then predicted from his diagram that the child would go on growing at this rate, and that at the end of the year it would weigh more than its father? But many economists do this sort of thing and get away with it.

The Growth of Industrial Production in the Soviet Union, by G. Warren Nutter. Princeton, $15.00

The relevant question to ask is, now that the postwar recovery has been completed, how Soviet productivity stands in comparison with what it was in the thirties, the twenties, or before the Revolution. (It is only fair to point out that similar mistakes are made by economists who are enthusiastic advocates on behalf of Germany and Japan. The present governments of these countries deserve commendation; but they have not had the really brilliant economic record often claimed for them.)

Until recently, almost the sole critics of the belief that the Soviet Union was enjoying a very high economic growth rate, and must shortly overtake the United States, were

Professor Nutter (in some articles published in the *American Economic Review*) and the present reviewer (*The Real Productivity of Soviet Russia*, printed for the use of the Internal Security Subcommittee, Committee on the Judiciary, U.S. Senate). Both of us reached the conclusion that the true rate of growth of productivity in the Soviet Union was in fact lower than in the United States; therefore, so far from overtaking the United States, the Soviet Union was indeed falling gradually further behind. What makes these results more interesting is that these conclusions were reached by two entirely different methods. This reviewer's method was to place modern dollar valuations on each element in the Soviet national product—consumption, net investment, military outlay, etc. Nutter, on the other hand, worked from the detailed production statistics of Soviet mining and manufacturing industries.

The reviewer's provisional study, however, has been largely superseded by two important new books which have also appeared during the last few months—*Soviet Industrialization 1928-52*, by Naum Jasny (Chicago, $10) and *The Real National Income of Soviet Russia Since 1928*, by Abram Bergson (Harvard, $8.75). Jasny, a vigorous octogenarian, took part in the Russian Revolution as a moderate (non-Communist) revolutionary. A few years later he was able to leave the country, and became an American citizen. He has long been a formidable critic of the Soviet Government, particularly of its agricultural policy.

Many admirers of the Soviet Union had been expecting Professor Bergson to produce conclusions favorable to their cause, and his negative findings will come as a great shock to them. For over a decade, at Columbia and at Harvard, Professor Bergson and a group of fellow workers have been laboriously assembling as much statistical information as is available about Soviet productivity. All their earlier results, however, were ex-

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pressed in current rubles of highly varied purchasing power. It was left to this final volume to bring all the information together, to adjust it for changes in prices, and to estimate the general trend of productivity.

There is, it is true, one statistical device for making the growth of Soviet productivity appear much larger than it is, which has already been well exploited by Soviet statisticians, namely, to enter all goods in the index numbers at the prices of the 1920s, when food prices were very low, and machinery (of which little was made in Russia at that time) very high-priced. By this ingenious statistical device, the measurement of the growth of the machinery industries is greatly exaggerated, and at the same time the importance of the poor performance of Soviet agriculture is apparently minimized. Professor Bergson considers this formula in rather obscure language. But, constructing his index numbers in terms of Soviet prices of any other period, he finds that output per worker, adjusted for changes on non-farm hours of work, rose in the Soviet Union over the period 1928-55 at the average rate of 2.1 per cent per annum, precisely the same as in the United States. Had the valuation been made in dollars, the Soviet figure would have come out lower; and it would have come out lower again if the change in rural hours of work, as well as industrial hours, had been taken into account; for during this period American rural workers' hours were reduced, whereas Russians on collective farms were made to work much longer hours than they had worked as free peasants in 1928.

Jasny's conclusions are very similar to Bergson's.

NUTTER'S BOOK is a fine example of that massive and strictly objective scholarship for which the National Bureau of Economic Research has become famous during its forty years of existence. Half the book is occupied by difficult technical notes; and the chapters themselves are not easy reading for the non-economist. Nevertheless, the central conclusions (pages 175 and 229) are crystal clear: over every comparable period the rate of growth of industrial productivity per man-hour in the Soviet Union is definitely lower than in the United States. Over the whole period 1913 to 1955, the average rate of growth of productivity was 1.9 per cent per annum in the Soviet Union and 2.8 per cent per annum in the United States. Over the same period, the rate of growth of *total industrial product* in the Soviet Union was slightly higher—4.1 per cent per annum as against 3.8 per cent per annum. This was possible because of the rapidly increasing proportion of the Soviet labor force which was being drafted into manufacturing (in the United States the proportion of the labor force engaged in manufacturing has been declining). There are obvious limits to this process—Khrushchev already has a labor shortage in agriculture on his hands. It is also very interesting to notice that during the period 1870 to 1913, under the rule of the Russian Czars, with all their faults, the rate of growth of total industrial product in Russia was also a little higher than in the United States.

Nutter's tables make it clear that the principal Soviet improvements in productivity have been in the metal, engineering and chemical trades—the ones which attract all the attention. The Russians have been very skillful at diverting our attention from the food, textile and construction material trades, which have not been so favored by the Soviet Government, and where the growth of productivity has been consistently poor.

Although this is very much an economist's book, there are some passages which will be of interest to the student of history or politics. They arise out of Nutter's attempt to analyze the production figures of the extraordinarily confused period 1937-40, during and after the "Great Purge," when Stalin slaughtered first his generals, then most of his fellow Communists and administrators, and the "politically unreliable" were imprisoned, literally in millions. Production, understandably, suffered heavily. But "the happenings of these years are cloaked in mystery, perhaps never to be dispelled." Up to the time of the signing of the Stalin-Hitler pact in August 1939, which precipitated the Second World War, the Soviet armed forces were being enlarged and re-equipped. But "Soviet industry had by no means been put on a wartime footing by the end of 1940"; and secret documents captured by the German army, and captured from them by the Americans, indicated that the Soviet Government was making its plans for the year 1941 on the assumption that it would be a year of peaceful development. One seems compelled to reach the extraordinary conclusion that Stalin really did trust Hitler's word. This, indeed, was recently stated by the Soviet historian Khavin in an official journal (*Istoriia SSSR*, 1959, No. I). He wrote, "In the years just before the war the possibilities of strengthening the defense capacity of the country were far from being fully utilized. This was partly the result of J. V. Stalin's incorrect assessment of the military and political scene on the eve of the war, of his obvious over-confidence in the pact with Germany."

BUT LET us come back to America. It is still hard to understand why a nation which professes to believe in the free-market economy was so universally ready to believe, without any evidence, that the centrally-planned economy of the Soviet Union was rapidly overtaking it. One is almost tempted to ask the social psychologists whether this is not evidence of the existence of some form of collective death-wish.

It is even harder to understand the attitude of a very well-known association of American businessmen, whose research director recently explained to me that his organization had been considering this question of Soviet productivity, and had not yet decided whether its attitude was to be that Soviet productivity was rising more slowly than American, in order to demonstrate the merits of the free-market system, or that it was rising more rapidly, in order to provoke the United States Government into more favorable attitudes toward its own businessmen. It should be obvious to anyone that this relativistic attitude toward truth is neither good business, good politics, nor good morals.

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Yoknapatawpha Innocence Lost

ROBERT DRAKE

IN *The Reivers* (from the now archaic or "poetic" verb *reive* or *reave*: to take away by stealth or force; to plunder) William Faulkner is primarily concerned with the initiation into knowledge—almost, one might say, into manhood—of eleven-year-old Lucius Priest (naturally of Jefferson, Yoknapatawpha County, Mississippi—or, as it is usually spelled in the book's dialogue, "Missippi"). Lucius is related to the McCaslin and Edmonds families who figure so prominently in *The Bear* and *Delta Autumn*, with their dark history of miscegenation and incest; so it is entirely proper that his initiation be in some measure prompted, if not always guided, by Boon Hogganbeck, the part-Indian white who finally killed Old Ben in *The Bear*.

The Reivers, by William Faulkner. Random House, $4.95

Boon, as Lucius recounts the story to his grandson in 1961 (the subtitle of the novel is "A Reminiscence"), really "belongs" to three Yoknapatawpha "proprietors": the McCaslin-Edmonds-Priest connection, Major de Spain, and General Compson. He is a sort of "corporation, a holding company in which the three [proprietors] had mutually equal but completely undefined shares of responsibility" to keep him out of trouble and leap into "whatever breach Boon had this time created or committed or simply fallen heir to" because he is "tough, faithful, brave, and completely unreliable." Furthermore, Boon is six-feet-four, weighs 240 pounds, has the mentality of a child, and couldn't hit the broad side of a barn with a gun.

The action involved in Lucius' initiation is complicated in the extreme. One May day in 1905 young Lucius' parents are hurriedly summoned to Bay St. Louis by the death of his maternal grandfather and accompanied there by his Grandfather ("Boss") and Grandmother Priest, thus leaving the field open for Boon (who works at Lucius' father's livery stable when he isn't being the "dean of Jefferson motor-car drivers") and Lucius to light out for that Earthly Paradise, Memphis (where else *can* you go from Yoknapatawpha?) on a wild stolen holiday in Boss' adored (by Boon) Winton Flyer automobile. And Lucius doesn't have to be strongly tempted by what he calls "non-virtue"; he, even as a child, is as much "fallen" as Boon, if not more so. (Lucius seems already to know the tune that "non-virtue" plays; he just hasn't had occasion—or need—to learn all the words yet.) Matters are further complicated when Boss' Negro coachman-valet, "Ned William McCaslin Jefferson Missippi," as he calls himself, stows away on the journey because he wants a trip, too. And where else should Boon take the young boy in Memphis but Miss Reba's brothel on Catalpa Street (of storied memory from *Sanctuary*), where he has arranged an assignation with "Miss Corrie" (really a Kiblett, Arkansas, girl whose given names are Everbe Corinthia)?

Faulkner is operating here in the Pelion-on-Ossa Division of Old Southwestern tall-tale-telling, but he's only just gotten started. Suddenly Ned appears with a horse which he has "acquired" in a swap for the Winton Flyer (the "business" transactions here are as complicated as

Random Notes

● MOVIES: Brendan Behan, who likes to wander across performances of his own plays (and recently orated, ad lib, for two hours on a Dublin vaudeville stage), will take a part in the movie version of *The Hostage*. . . . The two grand enterprises in the works are still Jerry Wald's *Ulysses* and Sam Spiegel's and David Lean's *Lawrence of Arabia*, the latter moving into its second national debt and just now completing its first year of filming. *Ulysses* is still on the drawing board and seems to be resisting the efforts to give it a happy ending. . . . And to this we'll - believe - it - when - we - see - it list one ought to add, we suppose, John Huston's *Freud*, now in its editing stage.

● THE ARTS: The Walker Evans photographs of the thirties have been reissued by the Museum of Modern Art, with an introductory essay by Lincoln Kirstein ($7.50). Wylie Sypher (*From Rococo to Cubism in Art and Literature*) has brought out a new study, *Loss of the Self in Modern Literature and Art* (Random House, $4). . . . Grandma Moses had completed a picture book, about old-timey Christmases, before her death, to be published this winter.

● BOOKS: Edward Gorey fans can look forward to *The Willowdale Handcar*, his latest, scheduled for this month (Bobbs-Merrill, $1.50). Its subtitle is *The Return of the Black Doll*, and a railway handcar is the machine elected for this one. The weather is still Edwardian. . . . Dover is issuing a paperback on music by Debussy, Ferrucio Busoni, and Charles Ives: *Three Essays in the Esthetics of Music* ($1.65). . . . For connoisseurs of the Gothic, Charles Brockden Brown's long out-of-print *Wieland, or The Transformation* (Dolphin Books, 95¢). One of Shelley's favorite spook stories and one of the finest exercises in the macabre. . . . And more Americana: Signet Classics is putting into a cheap paper edition McGuffey's *Fifth Eclectic Reader*, for 75 cents. . . . Johnnie Lee MacFadden, wife of Bernarr, has written an account of what it was like when the Old 'Un was alive and kicking, *Barefoot in Eden* (Prentice-Hall, $4.95). . . . Toronto has published Herbert Marshall McLuhan's *The Gutenberg Galaxy: the Making of Typographic Man* ($5.95), one of a complex of new explorations into what happened when type came along, to go on the shelf with Fr. Walter Ong's *Ramus: Method, and the Decay of Dialogue* (Harvard, $10) and Hugh Kenner's next book, *The Stoic Comedians*, to be published by Beacon Press in the spring.

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some of Flem Snopes' finest efforts in *The Hamlet*) and proposes that they all leave for "Possum" (Parsham), Tennessee (probably a pseudonym for an actual town called Grand

William Faulkner: ". . . with nobility and grandeur."

Junction), where he proposes to race the horse, Lightning, against "Akron" (Acheron), who has already beaten him twice before. But this time Lightning will *win* because Ned *knows* secretly how to make him run. (He'd had a mule once which he "worked" the same way: with "sour deans"—sardines—which the mule couldn't resist running for!)

Before it's all over, Boon, Miss Reba, and Miss Corrie have all been jailed, Boon for complicity in acquiring a stolen horse and for defending Miss Corrie from the overtures of a red-hot deputy sheriff called "Butch," the ladies for "fragrancy," as Ned so well puts it; Miss Corrie has decided to "go straight" (because Lucius has fought Miss Corrie's fifteen-year-old nephew, Otis, for degrading her honor to him); Boon finally decides he'd better marry Miss Corrie; *and* Lightning (really a horse named Coppermine belonging to Mr. van Tosch, a Yankee "foreigner") does beat Acheron, in a hair-raising race with Lucius as Lightning's jockey. Boss, apprised somehow of the reivers' whereabouts and suddenly arriving on the scene, then proceeds to settle matters with Mr. van Tosch and Col. Linscomb, Acheron's owner, and escorts the sadder and wiser trio back home to Jefferson in the recovered Winton Flyer.

The Reivers certainly ought, as the dust-jacket so enthusiastically blurbs, to be "one of the funniest books in our literature"; but it most certainly is not. This may be partially because Faulkner was trying to make this potentially marvelous (and I use this word in its original sense) narrative carry more weight than it will bear. It is essentially funny, but he wanted to make it *mean* too seriously. Lucius is supposed to experience all sorts of revelations and acquire all kinds of insights into the human condition—or predicament (and some of them are valid indeed). He is supposed to learn just how difficult—and tedious—lying and all forms of "non-virtue" really are; to learn, moreover, that one *is* always free to say "no" to them (that's what Miss Corrie decides to do); and to learn at the end, from Boss, that one can't "forget" or cancel out his errors because, as Boss puts it: "Nothing is ever forgotten. Nothing is ever lost. It's too valuable." One simply has to "live with it" because "a gentleman can live through anything."

But these "serious" insights, however valid, are wrong for the type of narrative Faulkner conceived here. What we want—and expect—is that Old Southwestern tradition of humorous story-telling which Faulkner knew so well how to handle—one where the events themselves (as perceived and recounted by the master raconteur) carry their own "moral" weight. Still, Faulkner remains our greatest contemporary novelist, and in his "failures" there is always much to admire. In *The Reivers,* despite some stock Faulknerian figures, there are descriptive passages—particularly those concerning the countryside and the elements—as fine as any he ever wrote. There are also, despite some mawkishness, exalted tributes to those who "endure" and finally "prevail"—especially women and Negroes—as moving as those in his greatest novels. In our day, when the novel is all too often liable to be more *craft* than *art,* it is invigorating to see a real artist like Faulkner, who failed, as he succeeded, with nobility and grandeur.

How to Succeed in Academe?

ANDREW HACKER

CAREER conferences, career books—indeed all of the talk and writing designed to enlighten the young about the world of work that awaits them—exhibit a tragic failing in the American ideology. For the self-

Professor: Problems and Rewards in College Teaching, by Fred B. Millett. Macmillan, $3.50

appointed advisers invariably assume that everyone in their audience will be a success in his chosen calling. (The president of Pennsylvania Railroad, for example, is happy to speak on "Why I Like to Be in Railroading.") Thus if the problems of any particular career are considered they are usually the niggling sort that arise to pester the highly-placed, whose minds and energies are devoted to loftier pursuits.

Not being a businessman, I can only comment on success and failure in academic terms. There are about twenty first-rate colleges and universities in America, about fifty second-rate ones, and approximately fifteen hundred institutions that might be classified as third-rate. The statistical odds are that anyone who embarks on a career in college teaching will end up, not at Harvard or the University of California (Berkeley branch), but at Iowa Sub-Normal or St. Bridget-by-the-Swamp. Fred B. Millett of Wesleyan University, in his volume, *Professor,* in the "Macmillan Career Book" series, does little to prepare the majority of his youthful readers for the ultimate failure that awaits them. I regard this as a frank disservice, for there is not room at the top—or in the top places— for everyone. Career books ought to prepare people to be happy as Betas or Gammas; they ought not to excite the expectation or aspiration of becoming an Alpha. Such aspirations will not be realized, with the result that those who are unsuccessful will spend much of their lives rationalizing their failures. This makes not so much for bitterness or resentment as for personal dishonesty with one's self.

Professor describes the intellectual

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atmosphere of graduate study, the pleasures of research, the satisfaction of teaching. While I join Professor Millett in the many pleasant things he has to say, I feel honor-bound to add some warnings of my own:

1. While a graduate student, do not get married. At least wait until you have your Ph.D.; if you must get married, put off having children until you have it. A working wife can support you, and this will be of some help as the stipends paid to graduate students are below the subsistence level. But once your wife produces a child (and the odds are that she will) she becomes non-working, and two dependents are a drain that can ill be afforded. Whether you have children or not, you must be prepared to neglect your spouse for several years. You will work all day and then all evening in the library and laboratory. Your company will be masculine, consisting of fellow graduate students with similar academic interests. And your neglected wife will not understand why all this is happening; she will proceed to make domestic life difficult for you. She should have married that nice engineer who is now with GE. At least she would belong to the Scarsdale PTA.

2. Decide very early whether you want to be a success or a failure. The key is your ability to write publishable material in the form of professional books and articles. If you cannot write, then persuade yourself that you will do a worthwhile job teaching the rather dull undergraduates who fill the classrooms at our third-rate institutions. There are tens of thousands of such third-rate jobs opening up, for millions of middle-class progeny want to vegetate for four extra years and become known as college graduates. They can't be taught much, and trying to teach them is rather enervating. However, you yourself are a failure and you shouldn't complain about this.

3. Learn to live on a lower-middle-class salary even though you have upper-middle-class standards. This is not easy, because you would like to be able to purchase the artifacts of culture that are so necessary if your intellect is to be nourished. Something's got to give, and it may well be your intellect.

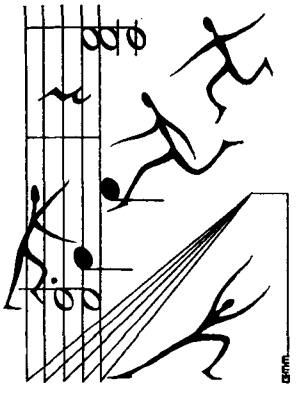
4. Watch your politics. Liberalism is the dominant viewpoint in academe. Except in schools of business or engineering, conservatives are looked on as unsound or out-of-date. You can criticize John Kennedy (constructively); but you must never attack Adlai Stevenson, the professor's candidate. It is all right to be hard-headed on foreign policy, and often on the threat of internal subversion, but on civil rights for minority groups there is only one side to the question. If you want to make peace with your conscience, say you prefer the "scientific approach" and hide your values behind a wall of jargon and statistical tables. This may not be completely honest, but the topic for today is success and not sincerity.

Movies

Jets and Sharks *al Fresco*

ARLENE CROCE

On the stage *West Side Story* was one of the more compelling figments of that dream-life of the Liberal imagination which is the Broadway theater. It exercised a large, young, talented cast; and, in addition to a coolly achieved pace and fluency that most Broadway shows visibly sweat for, it had an abstract unity of design, which meant, as these things are likely to mean on Broadway, that its book, music, staging and sets were shrewdly opportunistic in about equal measure. Its starting point was a parody of *Romeo and Juliet*, but its model was *The Threepenny Opera* without the heavy dialectic, which it didn't need since you could read it any day in the *New York Post*. On film (Panavision and Technicolor) little is left but the opportunism. The cast is not as impressive, and the running time, which is about the same as that of the stage show, seems twice as long even allowing for the intermission. Most of that time is spent groping for an over-all cinematic style.



Theater people (and surprisingly, many movie people) think that movies are "real." Therefore, when they've trundled all the stage furniture out into the open air, they try to make it look more real by making it look more "movie"—either more documentary or more materially filmic.

The makers of *West Side Story* don't always try to make the people or places in it seem factual; they try instead to impress you with a technical wizardry that is thought to cinematize whatever it touches. The mistake is to think that reality is a property of the movies when in fact, and in the long perspective of art, it is a property of the imagination and is expressed, not through superimposed techniques, but through the truth of an artist's emotion. And the emotional truth of *West Side Story* is a matter that brings us to that pivot of the Broadway-ballet axis on which its creator stands. The show belongs to no one so much as to Jerome Robbins. His conception and animation of *West Side Story* for the stage contrived to unite the several contributions of Bernstein, Sondheim, Laurents, Smith, Sharaff and Rosenthal so that they seemed like faceted projections of a single, if not singular, personality. Robbins is the show biz animal *par excellence*—he is Kazan lyrical, Guthrie galvanized; anything they can do he can put to music. Indeed, Robbins' superior sense of logic and form would in itself vanquish all competition were he not also gifted with a disfiguringly hack taste in dramatic subjects. The formal craftsman is merged with the drugstore sociologist to the point where the difference between what he and anyone else on Broadway can generally be counted on to produce amounts only to the difference between better

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or worse ways to waste one's time, provided one believes in the stuff. Belief is at the heart of it, because Robbins' taste perennially reflects the ideological avidity of the "responsible" Liberal audiences he serves on and off Broadway. Just as the graceful choreographic collision of the Jets and the Sharks feeds a fascination for the sentimentality of violence, a glance backward at *Facsimile, The Guests, Age of Anxiety, The Cage, N.Y. Export: Opus Jazz* and *Events*—all ballets produced by the choreographer as thinker—reveals little besides the ever-broadening appetite for more and more savaging.

IT'S A DIET, of course, that was formed long before Robbins came on the scene; his forebears extend at least as far back as Odets, Blitzstein, Kingsley, Rice, Hellman and the Theater of Social Protest. It isn't surprising that the search for cinematic style in *West Side Story* has led straight to posterish attitudinizing and slum poetry wreathed in mystical vapors. Visually, the results suggest those crasser examples of symbolist realism done in a blend of crankcase oil and rosewater and paid for by the WPA. This is more accident, however, than style. Only the absence of Fr. Pat O'Brien organizing basketball games in the church canteen keeps the film from looking like the thirties masquerade it is.

Cowed, perhaps, by evident aspirations toward lyric tragedy, the producers have given the film the reverential, honest-to-gosh treatment they wouldn't give to a real film of *Romeo and Juliet* or even to a film about the real West Side—both of which, horrifyingly, they conceivably took the present product for. Maybe what they dug was that ultra-contemporaneous beat. Certainly that nasty racist police inspector, standing in for Pat O'Brien standing in for the Prince of Verona, was a low blow in the modern idiom. (The Shakespearean parallel is strictly secular; a candy store owner stands in for Friar Laurence.) Robert Wise, the choice for Robbins' co-director, was presumably to be recommended, not for his experience in film musicals (he'd had none), but for the hard tabloidal glare he had given such films as *The Set-Up, Somebody Up There Likes Me* and *I Want to Live*. The link between Wise and *West Side Story* is patently presumptuous.

Looked at as topical journalism, the bare libretto is as full of angles as a jungle gym by Buckminster Fuller. Looked at as a commercial entertainment in the old tradition, it possesses the sole and unholy distinction of endowing those arch-hellions, the Dead End Kids, with the highest rate of recidivism in the crime cinema; apparently all that's changed since the thirties is that Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall and Bobby Jordan (whose parts were created in that long ago by Sidney Kingsley for his play *Dead End*) have gone arty.

The real service that the film of *West Side Story* performs is to expose the secret cultural exchange that has gone on for years between the supposedly independent poles of Broadway and Hollywood. Nothing inhuman is alien to either, and the most revealing thing about this relic of New Deal *Proletkultur* is the rapturous ease with which Hollywood has taken it for its own. Gee, Officer Krupke, no wonder we win Oscars.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

SUFFER, LITTLE CHILDREN, by Max Rafferty (Devin-Adair, $3). If Johnny can't read, and if Ivan knows things that Johnny doesn't, the fault lies not with educators like Dr. Rafferty, but with the philosophers of progressivism who have ushered in the era of the gimmick, the age of adjustment, the period of the peer group. Under their direction, everything from nursery rhymes to classics has been leveled off. Ulysses and Penelope are replaced by Dick and Jane. The quest for the Golden Fleece gives way to the visit of Tom and Susan to the zoo. The voice of Moloch resounds throughout the land, says the author, warning in its oleaginous Teachers College accent that only the child's felt needs must be met. And the new priests, with their field trips, group dynamics, Gestalt, topological vectors and maturation levels, have, little by little, picked the meat from the bones of education. The solution to our educational problem, he insists, is to raise intellectual standards and abandon the theories of a generation of educationist vipers. And the first duty of the schools should be to impart the accumulated wisdom of the race to our children, not to teach them adjustment. For to adjust to the twentieth century, Dr. Rafferty warns, is to come to terms with madness. E. MC DOWELL

POLITICS IN THE POETRY OF COLERIDGE, by Carl R. Woodring (University of Wisconsin, $6). A writer should never undertake a book on a man he considers his inferior. There is nothing like large condescension for revealing one's own pettiness. It is easy to be condescending toward Coleridge—opium dreamer, compulsive liar, evader of responsibility. His poetry was soon choked off; his thought tangled itself into hopeless knots. But, as Eliot remarked of him, to be a haunted man can be a vocation. And to understand such a man must be an adventure. In Mr. Woodring, bored and boring, there is no understanding; therefore, no adventure. G. WILLS

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To the Editor

Supreme Court v. Prayer

The Supreme Court's dictum: "The First Amendment was not written to destroy religion, but to protect religion from government," follows Christ's (Matt. 18-6): "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

Meaning that the place; the timing; the public or private uttering; and especially the wording of someone else's child's prayer—is no one's blankety blank business, least of all the government's.

Yes, but the government is the majority! So what? Says the Bible of majorities which trample human rights (*e.g.*, through nationalizations): "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil."

Rotterdam, Holland S. D. ABRAMOFF

The sparkling leader in which you lambaste the Supreme Court for its decision in the "school prayer" case misses the point entirely.

1. The decision is not "anti-religious" or a move "to submerge our traditional religious liberty under the cold hand of the secular state." As Justice Black pointed out, nothing could be "more wrong" than to believe that the decision indicates "a hostility toward religion or toward prayer." Opportunity for uncoerced prayer at church and home remains undiminished, and it is just possible that the decision will free Americans from the shackles of devotions that are increasingly inspired by social considerations—much to the dismay of the truly devout.

2. You estimate that "at most" ten per cent of the citizenry support the decision and offer that as a reason for ridiculing it as "petty, niggling, nasty." The answer, of course, is that The Bill of Rights was designed to protect the rights of the minority of citizens. The majority do not need a bill of rights. Thus, white southerners do not need their franchise protected or juries combed for prejudice; but Negroes in that region do. Your argument that the will of the majority should determine the freedoms of all others is indeed to stand "the First Amendment on its head."

New York City NORMAN DORSEN

The Supreme Court opens its session with a P - - - - -. Oyez, it does.

Charleston, S.C. MARTHA BYERS

The way I understand the First Amendment, and it makes a lot of sense to me, Congress is not supposed to pass any law establishing a state church or interfering with the free practice of religion. Now, they say the 14th Amendment extends that beyond just "Congress" to any kind of a law—even, I'd guess, a judicial decree (the Supreme Court is an arm of the Federal Government, and its decisions have the power of law, or anti-law). What the Court has done, in effect, is to pass a law violating both provisions of the First Amendment—first, by establishing a state (non-)religion (that is, throwing the support of the government behind the sect of non-belief), and second (and most flagrantly), by interfering with the free and voluntary practice of religion. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I'd say the Court is acting very unconstitutionally.

Los Angeles, Cal. JAMES O. BOLTON

Dr. Fred Schwarz

I want to thank you very much for your support of Dr. Fred Schwarz and his New York Anti-Communism School. We all knew that the opposition was going to be terrific in New York City. I attended Dr. Schwarz's Anti-Communism School in Philadelphia two years ago and I found the School to be of tremendous benefit. I have talked to Dr. Schwarz personally enough to be certain in my own mind that he is competent, dedicated and sincere.

Kinston, N.C. J. C. PEELE, M.D.

I have just received a letter from Dr. Fred Schwarz telling of your eloquence and courage in coming to his rescue.

Let me thank you with all of my heart for this; for bringing him confidence and enthusiasm when he felt nothing but gloom and discouragement. Perhaps you will recall

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my letter which condemned you for your stand on Robert Welch and the John Birch Society. I asked you to cancel my subscription to your magazine.

You have not done so for I am still receiving it. I am very glad, now, that you have not done so, but please explain to me how you can so condemn one great patriot (Robert Welch) and so courageously defend another (Fred Schwarz) when they are both working and sacrificing for the same cause.

Oakland, Cal. ALICE D. GREENE

Pure talent, ma'am. —ED.

***Rave Notices* [*sic*]**

I am a young student, seventeen, who after a college education would like to take an active part in our government. I have just about read every magazine of your type printed including *Mad*. Now I am confused. All this talk about radical right and radical left is truly more calling upon the powers of the mind than U. S. History or Government. However, I can safely say your magazine gives a much clearer and comprehensive picture of the political well being than any other magazine except perhaps ***Mad.***

Versailles, Ind. ALAN SMITH JR.

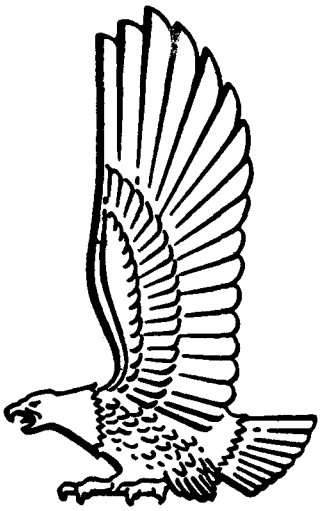
From your July 3 issue on page 473 I quote the following: "Not much publicized, that 50,000 Democrats in Los Angeles wrote in the name of Joseph Shell, conservative Republican, as gubernatorial choice in recent California primary."

I took the trouble of checking the veracity of the above and found that it was a lie. In the first place the results of the primary had not been released at the time you printed the above. In the second place there were only 18,676 write-ins for all persons and Shell only received 11,461.

Your slogan, "A JOURNAL (which it isn't) OF FACT (which it ignores) AND OPINION" (which is horribly distorted, in this writer's opinion), is a cruel hoax on those unsuspecting persons who might buy your printed drivel with full confidence in it.

Los Angeles, Cal. KRYNE VAN DEN AKKER

NR was relying on the official bulletin of the Los Angeles Young Republican Club. No hoax intended—by us. —ED.



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CHALLENGING TRUE SECURITY today is a pernicious and insidious philosophy of government—paternalism. Euphemistically labeled the welfare state, it is designed to pamper, coddle and shield from risk. In return it requires servile and abject dependence on government. Insured against all risk, protected from all danger, "secure from the cradle to the grave," we would become wards of the state with no incentive for betterment and advancement. Vitality would be sapped, the inventive, creative, venturous spirit would be stultified by the guaranteed state.

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From an Essay, *"My True Security,"* written by RAYMOND L. RICCIO, when a student at Providence College in Rhode Island

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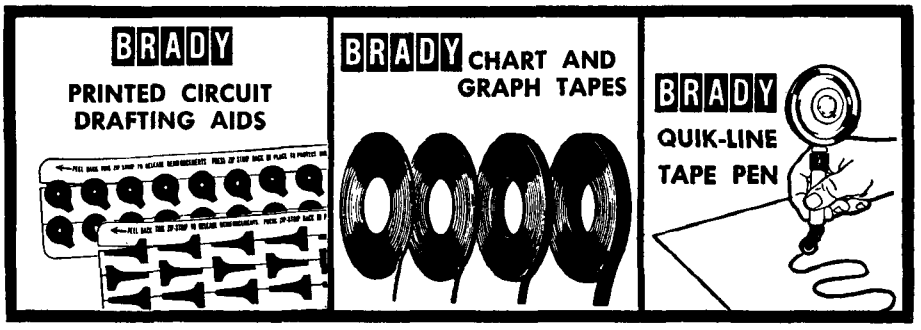

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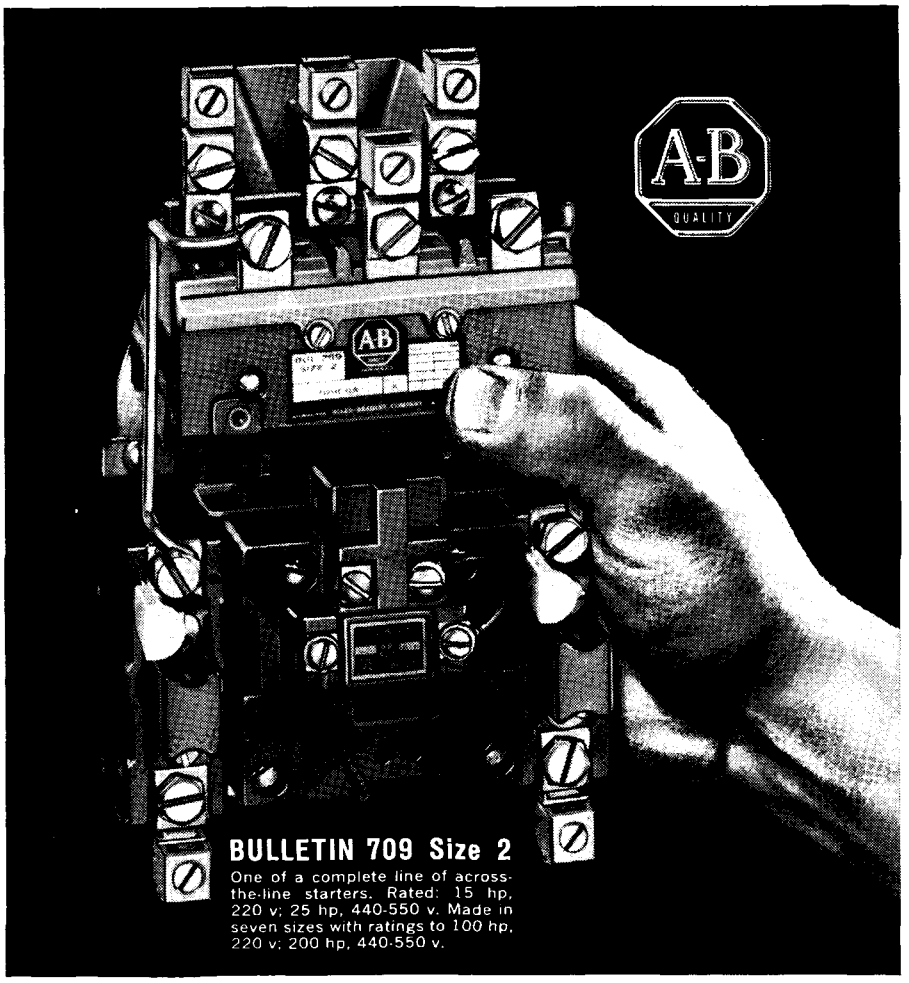
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There's never been a starter so small in size, yet so big in performance as Allen-Bradley's new Size 2 starter. While it's light and compact enough to hold in one hand, its performance is almost unbelievable—and you'll get the same trouble free performance with each of the seven new A-B starters . . . Size 00 through Size 5.

The new Series K design is so simple, there's hardly anything left to limit the life of the starter, or need service attention. The pressure molded coils withstand harmful atmospheres—in fact anything but malicious abuse. The precision hot molded arc hood adds greatly to long, trouble free life under full rated load switching—and there's a tremendous reserve for emergency. The cushioned magnet reduces the wear and tear of pounding—makes operation quieter. Nor will there ever be a minute of time wasted on service attention for the weld-resistant, cadmium oxide silver contacts.

Honestly now—can you afford to have dollars spent for less? Make sure your people have *all* the details by writing for Publication 6100, please: Allen-Bradley Co., 1210 S. Third St., Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin.

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Senator Javits

The Sunday, July 8, *New York Herald Tribune* carried a small article citing Jake Javits' efforts to prevent the Conservative Party of New York State from obtaining free air time (by limiting free air to established, major political parties).

Good old Jake. He's for all the freedoms—so long as none of them interferes with his personal plans.

New City, N.Y. W. R. NIEHAUS

Brainwashington, D.C.

Last winter, in January I think it was, we, the employees of the Department of Commerce, were transported in chartered buses to Constitution Avenue for a lecture by Mr. Hodges and others, the general theme of which was, "Look how great we are, how well we are doing. Let us congratulate ourselves." Many thousands of well-paid—some very highly paid—employees were turned loose for an hour and a half from their work for this affair, a very dull one indeed.

Now there is a program, a far more elaborate one, arranged for the large number of students that the government hires for the summer. As I understand it, it calls for a series of meetings with various VIP's; the one with the President has already taken place. And of course this is all on the taxpayer's time, several days of it; although I am more impressed with the thing as an example of Big Brotherhood in action.

Washington, D. C. NAME WITHHELD

No-Winnow Policy?

Salute to a rousing, reasoned battle-cry for conservatism! Frank S. Meyer has cut straight to the very heart of the matter. All but "sunshine" conservatives will applaud him [. . . the Two-Party System, July 3].

Time is running out. The time is long overdue that we separate the hard-core men from the gutless wonders, the wheat from the chaff.

Long Beach, Cal. ROBERT C. BYERLY

Correction

With reference to G. Wills' review [June 19] of the splendid book by Dr. Hans Küng on the forthcoming Ecumenical Council, please note that Father Küng is not a German but a *Swiss* theologian even though he is on the faculty of Tuebingen University.

HERBERT L. TOWNSEND
Lucerne, Switzerland

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